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"ONCE UPON A TIME"

FAIRY TALES
OF
ALL NATIONS

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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# FAIRY TALES

AND

# LEGENDS OF MANY NATIONS.

Selected, newly told, and translated,

BY

C. B. BURKHARDT.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. WALCUTT AND J. H. CAFFERTY

Denn glaubt es mir, kein Mährchen ist so leicht
Aus dem der Mensch nicht weiser werden könnte.
Wieland.

Believe me, there is ne'er so light a fairy tale,
But that a man may gain in wisdom by it.

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TO

MRS. MEARS,

THE ABLE INSTRUCTRESS AND KIND FRIEND OF YOUTH,

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

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# PREFACE.

It is a well accepted and understood maxim that the character of a nation may be learned from its popular songs and ballads, that the mind, the habits, and the morals of a people may be guided and directed by its song-writers. Somebody, who is frequently quoted, has said, "Let me make the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes her laws." Not wishing in any manner to dispute the wisdom and truth of this idea, it yet strikes me most forcibly that popular traditions, legends and fairy tales exert no secondary influence upon the mind of a people, but that their power is even greater, in the same respects, than that of ballads and songs. The reasons of this are very obvious; a song or a ballad is often only remembered on account of its melody, and the words, if they are remembered at all, undergo changes, from time to time, in consequence of changes in the language, as well as political changes. The

tradition, however, which is connected with a peculiarly-shaped rock, remains the same as long as that rock shall stand; the legend connected with an old abbey or a castle will live in the memory of the inhabitants of its neighborhood for centuries after the abbey or castle has become a ruin; and the fairy tale told by grandparents to grandchildren, will be still fresh in the grandchildren's memory, when those children shall in their turn have become grandparents, to be told again by them to new generations.

Is there one of my adult readers who does not, if he be of Anglo-Saxon descent, remember the time when he listened attentively to the wonderful stories of the "Babes in the Wood," or the Little Red Ridinghood," or if of Germanic descent, does not remember some stories of the "Blocksberg," or of "Rübezahl?" or if of Gallic, still thinks of "Le bon roi Dagobert," or "Robin des bois," &c.? And certainly no one will deny or question the influence of these early impressions.

If the reader agrees with me in the above proposition, he will at once perceive how useful and interesting to the young, as well as to the more mature mind, must be the study of national character, custom and habit, through the

charming medium of legends and fairy tales. There has never been any lack of fairy books, but all we have hitherto found in the market have been either republications of well known and old stories, or newly-invented ones, or written for the particular occasion or market for which they were intended. The beautiful and popular "Arabian Nights" has generally been the staple article of the former class, and the "Mother Goose" and "Peter Parley" style, that of the latter.

I have, in the present volume, endeavored, to offer to my readers specimens of legends and fairy tales of many nations, and of all ages, and as nearly as possible, to select such as have a distinct national character, in the subject as well as in the style and diction. I have, moreover, selected only such as may be read with interest by old as well as young, and the language and moral of which are, in all cases, unexceptionable.. Should the present volume meet with the kind reception which I am sanguine enough to hope for it, it will soon be succeeded by several more, as it is my intention to make the present, only the first of a series under the same general title.

And now, my dear *little readers*, a word with you. Take

this volume, and with it in your hand, you can, without leaving your room, travel to sunny Italy, or to snowy Russia, to the merry Alps or the frowning Hartz mountains and hear some of the stories the people of those places tell their children, when they are good. And if you are good, and read this book attentively, I will soon prepare another, which shall contain more stories of all nations, and more pretty pictures to gratify you.

Before closing, I must express my obligations to my friends Mr. J. C. Scherpf and Mr. H. Plunkett Grattan. To the former, for having furnished me with "Ilija, the Muromian," a Russian, and "Dom Pedro, the Cruel," a Spanish legend, and to the latter, for having contributed his beautiful Irish legend of "The Leperhawn."

C. B. BURKHARDT

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# The Three Arms.

# FAIRY TALES AND LEGENDS.

## THE THREE ALMS.

A FAIRY TALE OF BRETAGNE.

MANY years ago, there lived two young gentlemen, who were as rich as they could wish, and as handsome as their mother could possibly have desired. They were called TONYK and MYLIO.

Mylio, the elder brother, was about seventeen years old, and Tonyk, only fourteen. Both had received an excellent education, and their prospects for rank, honor and distinction were as good as those of any other young men in the land.

Tonyk was good and kind, always ready to assist the needy, and to forgive injuries. His heart was filled with human kindness, and his hand ever open to the relief of suffering humanity. Mylio, however, was close and penurious,

would scarcely give the laborer the value of his hire, and when he was insulted, revenged himself bitterly, and by all the means in his power.

Their father had died when they were yet very young, and their mother, an excellent woman, had educated them herself. When the boys had grown old enough, she thought of sending them to an uncle, who lived at some distance, there to profit by his good advise and example, and ultimately to inherit his great wealth.

So one day she gave to each of them a new hat, shoes with silver buckles, a sky-blue cloak, a well-filled purse, and a good horse, and told them to set out and seek their uncle.

The two youths started upon their journey, in high spirits, and glad to have a chance of seeing a foreign land. They travelled so fast, that on the third day already, they had reached a strange country, where different trees grew, and where the fruits and flowers in the fields were not like those they had left behind.

One morning, as they passed a cross-road, they saw a poor woman sitting by a stone crucifix at the roadside, and hiding her face in her apron; Tonyk stopped his horse and inquired what ailed her.

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Tonyk gives his Purse to the Beggarwoman. (Page 17.)

The poor woman replied, sobbing, that her only son had died yesterday, and that she was now all alone in the world, and thrown upon the cold charity of strangers.

Tonyk was moved, but Mylio, who had stopped at a short distance, cried:

"You certainly do not believe the story of every beggar you meet? This woman has designs upon the purses of travellers."

Tonyk replied: "Be not so cruel, dear brother. See, your harsh words have caused her to weep anew. Only look, how much her form and her age are like our dear mother's."

He then turned to the woman, gave her his purse, and said: "Take this, poor woman! I cannot do much, but heaven will help us all."

The beggar woman took the purse, kissed it, and said to Tonyk:—"Noble youth, you have made a poor woman rich, so don't disdain to accept from me this nut, which contains a wasp with a diamond sting.

Tonyk took the nut, thanked the woman, and proceeded on his journey with Mylio.

They had not gone far, before they came to the skirts of

a forest, where they saw a boy, who was half naked, and was searching for something in the holes of the trees, singing a melancholy ditty all the while. Sometimes he clapped his half-frozen hands together, so as to warm them a little, and said, in a singing tone: "Oh, how cold, how cold." And his teeth chattered from very cold.

At the sight of him, tears started in Tonyk's eyes, and he said to his brother:

"Ah, Mylio, how this poor boy must suffer from the cold."

"Then he must be of a chilly nature," replied Mylio; "I don't find it so very cold."

"Of course not, for you have a velvet vest, and a cloth coat, and a large sky blue cloak on top of that; but he is half naked."

"Ha, ha," laughed Mylio, "but he is only a little peasant boy."

"Ah," said Tonyk, "my heart bleeds when I think that you might have been born like him. I cannot bear to see him suffer so much."

At these words he stopped his horse, called the boy and asked him what he was doing there.

"I catch titmice, that sleep in the hollows of the trees," replied the boy.

"And what do you do with them?"

"After I have caught enough, I carry them to town for sale, so that I may buy clothes which will keep me as warm as if the bright sun shone all the time."

"Have you caught any yet?" inquired Tonyk.

"But a single one," replied the boy, pointing to a little reed cage which contained a blue tomtit.

"Give it to me, I will take it," said Tonyk, throwing his sky blue cloak around the boy. "Wrap yourself in this, for it is of more value to you than to me."

The two brothers now continued their journey. Mylio laughed and jeered his brother, and Tonyk certainly suffered a little from the northern wind at first, because he had no cloak. But after they had passed the forest, the wind abated, the fog disappeared, and the sun began to smile through the clouds.

Soon they came to a meadow, where flowed a little rivulet. By its side sat a very old man, all wrapped in rags, carrying a beggar's bag on his shoulder. When he

observed the horsemen, he turned towards them with an imploring look. Tonyk approached him. "What do you desire, old man?" he inquired, saluting the venerable old man with much respect.

"Good gentlemen," he replied, "you see my hair is grey, and my limbs are weak. Age has so disabled me, that my legs can no longer support my body. I must die upon this spot, unless one of you will sell me his horse."

"Sell you one of our horses, you beggar!" cried Mylio, in a tone of contempt, "and pray, how could you pay for it?"

"Look at this hollow acorn!" replied the beggar; "within that acorn there is a spider, which spins threads stronger than steel. Let me have one of your horses, and I will give you the acorn with the spider for it."

The eldest brother laughed aloud.

"Did you hear that, brother?" he cried. "I believe that old fellow is a most impertinent fool."

The younger brother, however, replied mildly:

"A poor man can offer no more than he has."

He descended from his horse, approached the old man, and said,

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Tonyk gives his Horse to the Old Man. (Page 21.)

"I will give you my horse, my good friend, not for the price you offer for it, but for the sake of blessed charity."

The old man called down a thousand blessings upon the charitable youth, and with his aid, mounted the horse and disappeared.

Mylio, however, could not forgive his brother for having given away the last alms.

"Stupid spendthrift," he exclaimed, angrily, "you must be ashamed of the condition to which your own folly has reduced you. Perhaps you imagine, that since you have disposed of your own, you can share my money, cloak and horse, but you are mistaken. You must learn wisdom by experience. The want which you will now have to suffer, through your own folly, will teach you to be more careful in future."

"You are right, dear brother," replied Tonyk, mildly. "It will be no hard lesson to me, and I have no intention of escaping it at your expense. It never occurred to me, to ask you for money, cloak or horse; ride on quietly and happily, and don't trouble yourself about me."

Mylio did not reply, but gave the spurs to his horse and

rode on. Tonyk followed on foot, but he entertained no ill will towards his brother.

They were now not far from a mountain pass, through which lead their way. This pass or defile, was usually called the devil's glen, for on the top of the rocks, which rose on both sides, there dwelled a giant, who constantly watched for travellers as a huntsman watches for game. This giant was blind and had no feet, but his ear was so acute that he could hear the grass grow in the meadows; he was, moreover, a great magician. His servants were two trained eagles, a white and a red one, whom he always sent out to catch the prey which he heard approach. When the people of the neighborhood had to pass this mountain gorge, they always pulled off their shoes, walked barefooted, and scarcely ventured to breathe for fear that the giant might hear them.

Mylio knew nothing of all this, but rode proudly and boldly into the glen; the noise which his horse's hoof made upon the stones awoke the giant.

"Hollo, my huntsmen," he cried, "where are ye?"

The red and white eagle were quickly at his side.

"Go and fetch for my supper whatever is just now passing the valley below," commanded the giant.

Quick as lightning, the two eagles shot down to the glen, caught Mylio by his sky blue cloak, and carried him upwards to the dwelling of the giant.

At the same instant Tonyk arrived at the entrance of the defile. When he saw his brother carried through the air by two eagles, he uttered a loud cry, and rushed forward. The eagles, however, with Mylio, disappeared in a few minutes among the clouds which covered the tops of the rocks.

There stood Tonyk, silent and immovable with terror, gazing upon the high, rocky walls which seemed to reach to the skies.

"Oh, my brother, my brother," he exclaimed, "how can I save my brother?"

And suddenly he heard three delicate voices by his side, which said:

"Why, who would despair so quickly, at every little misfortune?"

Tonyk looked around in astonishment. "Who spoke to me, and where are you?" he inquired.

"In your coat-pocket," replied the three voices.

Tonyk reached into his pocket and produced the nut, the acorn, and the little reed cage. He now remembered the three little animals enclosed in them, and inquired:

"And would you save my brother Mylio?"

"Yes, yes, yes," replied the three animals in their different voices.

"And pray, how are you going to do it, you poor little playthings?" continued Tonyk.

"Open our cages, and you shall see."

Tonyk did as he was requested. And the spider hurried to a tree close by, and commenced weaving a bright web, finer than silk but stronger than steel. Then the tomtit came, and took the spider upon her back, and rose higher and higher until the web, which formed a sort of staircase, reached to the top of the rock. Tonyk now mounted this ladder; the wasp flew before him, humming merrily all the way, and thus they reached together the dwelling of the giant.

In a great rocky cave, as high as a church, sat the giant without eyes or feet. He seemed to be in a happy mood, for he rocked himself to and fro, and appeared like a great

poplar tree, shaken by the wind. He was singing a merry song and whetting a large knife, to butcher Mylio with.

The latter lay on the floor, with arms and legs tied upon his back, so that he looked like a fowl trussed ready for roasting. The two eagles sat in the corners of the fire-place, and the one was turning the spit, whilst the other laid fresh wood upon the fire.

The noise made by his own song and the whetting of the knife, prevented the giant from noticing the arrival of Tonyk and his three companions. But the red eagle observed him, rushed towards him, and was about to take him in his claws, when the wasp flew between them, and with her diamond sting picked his eyes out. The white eagle wanted to rush to the aid of his brother, but fared no better, and was blinded as well as the other. Then the wasp flew towards the giant, (who had risen on hearing the noise his servants made,) and belabored him most severely with the diamond sting. The giant made a terrible noise, but he might strike to the right or to the left or anywhere, he could not hit the wasp, as he had no eyes to see; nor could he get away, as he had no feet to walk upon. At last he threw himself with his face upon the ground, to save that

at least from the sharp sting of the wasp. Then the spider came and spun a net over him, as fine as silk but as strong as steel, and in this he lay captive, and could not move.

He implored the aid of his two eagles, but in vain. These had become furious from pain, and when they found that the giant was conquered, they feared him no longer, but remembered the long slavery in which he had kept them, and the tyranny he had used towards them. They rushed upon their late master, beat him with their wings, and hacked his flesh through the steel net. At every cut of their beaks they pulled out a piece of flesh, and never rested until the bare bones made their appearance. Then they were satisfied and sat down to rest, but as the flesh of a magician is indigestible, they soon fell dead upon the spot. Tonyk now loosened the fetters of his brother, embraced him amidst tears of joy, and took him away from the giant's cave to the edge of the rock. And quickly the tomtit and the wasp appeared again, and they had harnessed themselves like horses to the little reed cage. That cage suddenly changed into a splendid carriage and they invited the brothers to take seats. The spider, as footman, got up behind, and away they went as quick as lightning.

In this manner, passing easily over meadows, forests, mountains and villages—for the roads in the air are all good—they quickly reached the castle of their uncle.

And now the carriage descended to the earth, and rolled towards the castle gate, where the brothers found both of their horses hitched to posts. On the saddle of the horse which belonged to Tonyk, his cloak and purse were hanging, only that the purse was larger and much better filled, and the cloak was all covered with diamonds and precious stones.

Tonyk turned in astonishment towards the carriage, to see what all this meant, but the carriage had disappeared, and instead of the wasp, the tomtit, and the spider, there stood three bright and beautiful angels.

In mute wonder and astonishment, the brothers fell upon their knees, but the most beautiful and bright of the angels approached Tonyk and said:

"Do not fear us, dear friend. We are called 'the *good deeds*;' we were the poor woman, the half-frozen child, and the sick old man. Remain always as good as you have hitherto been, and you, Mylio, profit by his example; for

you have now learned that none is so poor but that he can be of service to you."

At these words they arose, and flew higher and higher into the air, until, like swallows, they were lost in the clouds.

Mylio embraced his brother Tonyk, whose good heart and kindness had saved him, and since that time, Mylio has been as friendly, mild and kind as his brother.

# Fiddling Jackey.

# FIDDLING JACKEY.

A FAIRY TALE OF SUABIA.

It was many, many years ago, and nobody yet thought of the man who is now telling you this story, when a poor little ragged boy sat by the roadside, solitary and alone. He had not eaten anything in nearly two days, and was wondering where he could get something to-day to still his hunger.

The poor boy no longer had a mother, and his father was worse than none; for he was tipsy from early morn till late at night; and when he was so, he scolded and raved, swore fearfully and wickedly, and whipped poor Jackey, for that was the boy's name, even as he had used to whip Jack's mother when she was still alive.

His poor mother had wept so much, and endured so much sorrow that she died of it. Jackey wept also, but only as long as his cruel father was beating him! When the

father stopped whipping him, Jack would cry no longer, but was content and calm, though he often had to fast for days together, for his father only had money for beer and whiskey, none for bread and meat. Why little Jack was content and calm in all this misery, was for two reasons; first, because he was an excellent boy with an honest heart and clear conscience—and secondly, there was another reason, which I will tell you at length in my story.

Jackey's father was the musician of the village, and played the fiddle in the taverns, and on the green under the linden. Formerly he had played extremely well, so well indeed, that the old pastor who had died a few years before our story, used to listen to him with pleasure; but since he had become such a confirmed hard drinker, he fiddled and scraped so wretchedly, that rats and mice ran away from the noise, and dogs and cats got mad, and howled, and whined in opposition to his fiddle. The people in the tavern, and on the dancing place cared very little whether Jack's father played well or whether he scratched and scraped, as they only cared for dancing. But little Jack's soul was torn by these discordant scrapings, for he really loved the fiddle, as

he knew how sweetly it could sing, if his father had only chosen to keep sober and play it properly!

When the drunken father came home at night, and hung the fiddle against the wall, then Jackey would lament and weep to see the poor thing so dust covered, and to hear it sigh so bitterly, whilst the fiddler lay snoring loudly upon the straw.

At last, little Jack could bear this no longer, so he took the liberty of speaking to his father, and said: "Ah, my dear father, you now treat that good fiddle even worse than you used to treat my poor mother, or than you treat me. Take care, the fiddle, too, will die soon."

The father at first stood lost in astonishment, and knew not what to answer—at last, however, his anger rose as usual, and he beat little Jackey worse than ever, and then left the house.

And this time Jack had to weep longer than usual, for the beating had been more severe; but—listen!—as he was weeping and sighing, the fiddle on the wall, softly, very softly, wept and sighed with him. When Jackey heard this, he became more sad than before, and he and the violin

wept together for more than an hour, and Jackey began to think they would never stop weeping together.

However, there is an end to everything; to weeping and to laughing; and after a while the violin began only to sob softly, softly, softly. And Jackey did the same, and so after a while they had both stopped weeping. But the love which little Jack now felt for the violin—I cannot describe it in words!—He moved a chair against the wall, got on top of it, to get the violin down, and began to clean all the mud and dust from it. He then fastened the fourth string, called E, the one that sings the highest notes, and which his father had left hanging just as it had broken; Jackey put it to rights again, and then turned the peg until the string gave the right tone. He then kissed the violin and was about to hang it upon its place again, when fiddle whispered to him softly: "Jackey, thou art a good boy! I will stay with thee! thou shalt keep me, and I will sing pretty songs for thee and laugh and weep with thee, in joy and in sorrow."

"Oh, dear me," exclaimed Jack, "indeed I must not. If my father should find us thus together, he would kill me,

and perhaps would throw you against the wall and break you."

"Your father shall not hear us," said violin. "You know that he sits in the tavern from now till sundown, and does nothing but drink. Come, take me and the bow, and go with us to the forest. By the rivulet, there where the poplar whispers, and the nightingale sings, there will I teach thee how to make me sing, too."

"Be it so, in God's name," said Jack resolutely. "I will do all you request of me."

"And I will do all you want," said violin.

"It is a bargain," replied Jackey, and he took down the bow, and went to that part of the forest where the rivulet flows and where the tall poplar trees form a pretty grove.

"Welcome, welcome," murmured the rivulet. "Welcome, welcome," lisped the flowers. "Welcome," whispered the branches of the poplar tree. "Cuckoo, cuckoo," cried the cuckoo, "here is a new musician; welcome, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo!" And the goldfinches, and the linnets, the siskins and the hedgesparrows, the bullfinches and the robbins, all twittered and sung: "Welcome, welcome!"

"Oh, how beautiful it is here," exclaimed Jackey, and he sat down by the side of the rivulet, took up the violin and said to it:

"Now my dear, tell me how I must do, to make thee harmonize with these sweet songsters all around me?"

And the violin told him all that he had to do, and all the little birds came around, to assist in teaching Jackey, and each first gave the single notes; g. a. b. c. d. e. f.—f. e. d. c. b. a. g." Jack endeavored to imitate all these upon his fiddle, and he succeeded so well, that all the birds were pleased, and cried aloud: "Bravo, Jackey, bravo!"

Now the nightingale came also, and she said: "I will sing an aria. Jackey shall be director, and accompany me; the rivulet can murmur the bass, and you all can sing in the chorus."

"Hark ye, nightingale!" said Jack, "the flower-bells must also assist, but they must sound a little louder than usual."

"You are right!" said the nightingale, "and the flower-cups shall do just as the director orders."

And Jackey now beat time, and the whole chorus of birds began the concert with a *tutti*. And now the night-

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Jackey's first Lesson in Music. (Page 37.)

ingale sang—oh, how beautifully she did sing! Jackey accompanied her on the violin, and the flower-bells rung and sounded like triangles, keeping time with the vocalist. All the other voices had to be silent, except the rivulet, who murmured a very soft basso accompaniment.

Then the deer and the gentle doe came from the forest, and the little squirrels hopped up and down the trees, and the timid rabbits came and sat gracefully on their hind legs, and pricked up their ears as most attentive auditors. The tall pine trees dropped an abundance of fine rosin, so that Jackey could refresh his bow; and thus he played until the sun was sinking in the west, and then he had to go home. "Good bye, my dear little singers," he cried. "Good bye, Sir Director!" replied all. "Come soon to see us again!" and the nightingale sang:

"Soon—ah soon,
To the forest green,
Return, thou lovely boy!
I'll give thee many a toy,
All we have in forest green.
Return, ah soon—
Return thou lovely boy—"

And sure enough, Jackey returned every day, and learned

more and more to understand all the voices of the forest, and to repeat them upon his dear violin.

About this time it happened that the landlord of the village inn, took sick and died, and that his disconsolate widow was looking about her for another husband. But she could not easily find a man, for Mrs. Lizz was ugly and malicious, had red hair, a crooked nose, and was cross-eyed like an old witch.

Jackey's father, however, thought to himself: "Now when I marry old Lizz, I can drink just as much as I please, and need not pay for it," and so he took a strong drink, and walked straightways to the young widow. He closed his eyes, that he might not see her whilst he spoke a falsehood, and said: "Most beautiful of landladies! Will you take me for your husband? Say yes, and I am yours, and we will get married at once."

Then the landlady looked at him from head to foot, and said; "It is true, you are a worthless, drunken vagabond; but better such a man than no husband at all! Here is my hand, I will marry you."

And they were soon married, and a great deal was drunk at the wedding. But soon Jackey's father observed that he

had made his reckoning without the host, or rather, without the hostess, for she gave him nothing to drink but pure clear water, and if he once in a while got a glass of grog, his vixen of a wife would take the first piece of furniture, break it over his head, and beat him half to death.

In consequence of all this, he became quite melancholy, and often wept and sighed: "Oh, my poor, dead wife! If I had not treated you so badly you would still be alive, and not abuse me so horribly as this old dragon! Oh, my poor, poor dead wife! oh! oh!" and thus he would cry for hours.

When Jackey heard this, he took courage, and, with the violin in his hand, approached his father, and began to play, and so beautifully, that the father's mouth stood wide open in astonishment, and the tears ran into it, without his perceiving it, although they tasted very bitter and salty.

When Jackey at last stopped playing, his father fell upon his neck, and began to weep anew; but this time they were tears of joy. "Jackey, Jackey," he exclaimed, "how very beautifully you play! Now I will never, never beat you again, but I will go and beg your stepmother to pay schooling for you, that you may go to school and learn something." The stepmother, however, would not consent to

that, but said that Jackey must be made a tailor, and she would send him to her brother, who was a tailor in the next village, to learn the trade with him. When Jackey replied, "no, I won't be made a tailor of," she cried, "you must," and boxed his ear so hard with her large, bony hand, that Jackey's head spun round, and he was dizzy for an hour. This was rather too much for the father to witness, but he dared not say anything.

On the following morning, however, when it was yet dark, he crept softly to the larder, took a piece of ham, some smoked sausages, and a few rolls, packed them all into a bag, and carried them to Jackey's bedroom.

Jackey was still in bed and fast asleep; he was dreaming of his dear forest; the chamber window was open and the sharp morning air swept across the strings of the violin which hung over Jackey's bed, and made it sing most lovely tones.

The father looked for a few moments upon his sleeping boy and wept as if his heart would break! Then he collected himself, and bending over the bed, awoke Jackey with a kiss. The boy opened his eyes, but still half asleep, he asked: "What do you want, nightingale?"

"Jackey, Jackey," cried the father, "what are you talking about? I am not a nightingale, but your father."

"Ah, dear father," cried Jack, jumping nimbly from the bed, "how very kind and friendly you are to-day."

"Dress yourself, Jackey," said the father, "dress yourself, take the violin and follow me; but very softly, so that no one awakes."

Jack did as his father had requested. He dressed himself, took the violin and the bow, and followed his father out of the house.

Without speaking a word both walked towards the forest, and when they came to the rivulet, the father said: "Here, Jackey! Let us be seated, and then listen to me attentively." Both seated themselves, and the father began:

"See, my child, I committed great and wicked sins, by my conduct towards your poor dead mother, and it is most certain that sorrow and trouble, as well as my cruelty, brought her to an untimely grave. Heaven punished me for it, when I married your cruel, wicked stepmother. I know the justice and the use of this punishment and will bear it as long as God is willing to inflict it. But you, my good little boy, shall not suffer by it, and as I am not strong

enough to protect you against your wicked stepmother, go forth in God's name into the wide world, to seek your living. The great Father, who rules all the world, will not suffer a good boy like you to perish, and you will find good people everywhere to assist the helpless. You especially, Jackey, will easily make your fortune, as soon as folks shall hear you play. If I am right, think of your poor father, and come back to deliver him from his misery, if he has not died meanwhile. Now take my blessing, some provisions for the first few days, and a farewell kiss—and go, like a good boy, and don't weep! for we all must part at last." Jackey hung about his father's neck, and would scarcely leave him.

"I don't mind a whipping sometimes," he cried, "if I must not leave you alone, dear father, with my wicked stepmother." But the father said: "I know what is good for you, so do just as your father says."

Then Jackey slowly dropped his arms which had clung around his father's neck, and said, sadly: "Farewell, then, my dear, good father."

And then the tree-tops, and the flowers, and the grass shuddered and rustled louder than before; and towards the

east the first dawn of morning appeared through the foliage.

"If your fingers are not too cold, Jackey, I would ask you to play something for me before we separate."

Quickly Jack took up the violin, and began to play—and when the birds heard him, they, too, became lively and sang with him:

Trrili! Trrili!
Cuckoo!
Morning air! morning air!
Fans the forest everywhere.
Over rock and over sand,
Runs the streamlet through the land.
Trrilli! Trrili!
Ti!
Cuckoo!
Trrili! Trrili!
Cuckoo!

Robins dear! Robins dear!
And all other birds come here,
Hare, and doe, and graceful deer,
Old and young now all draw near.
Trrili! Trrili!
Ti!
Cuckoo!
Trrili! Trrili!
Cuckoo!

Ether blue! Ether blue!
From the leaflets falls the dew,
And the sun now rises high,
Little flowret ope thine eye.
Trrili! Trrili!
Ti!
Cuckoo!
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Trilli!—Ti—Ti— – –

Thus the birds sang, whilst Jackey was playing. When he had finished, and looked around for his father, the latter had walked away weeping, and was already out of the forest. Jackey had almost ran after him, but he remembered what his father had requested of him, and determined to obey. What else he should do for the present he knew not, but he confided in his Heavenly Father, who would guide everything for the best.

So he washed his face in the rivulet, spoke a short morning prayer, took from his bag a piece of bread and a bit of ham, and made his breakfast—not forgetting the little birds who confidingly hopped about him, and begged for a few breadcrumbs. After having finished his repast, he cleaned and dusted his dear fiddle, tuned it very correctly,

as his father had latterly taught him, played scales for half an hour, so as not to neglect his practice, and trusting to fortune, proceeded further into the forest.

Thus he walked on all the day, and the forest seemed to have no end. Jackey cared little for that, since his bag was well filled with provisions, and the forest was cool and shady. And he had no lack of pastime, for his violin told him most beautiful stories, and every now and then, he would meet a robin, or a linnet or a goldfinch who was acquainted with him, and he would have a moment's friendly chat with him.

Then the sun began to sink again towards the west, and his departing rays illumed the tree branches, and at last ascended to the tops; there they rested awhile, but at last disappeared even from there, and now it grew darker and darker in the forest. But it was not long before the full moon arose on the opposite side, and bright glowworms flitted through the bushes, and suddenly a large beautiful lake burst upon his view, which reflected back the light of the moon, and the nightingale began to sing, and—oh, everything was so beautiful.

Jackey at least thought so, for he determined to pass the night here; he selected a comfortable, moss-covered place, lay down upon it, and after having eaten his supper, he once more examined his fiddle, said "good night" to it, and put it into the bag, so that the night dew should not injure it. He then said his prayer and prepared for sleep.

But suddenly a mild and gentle light illumed the whole forest, and it seemed as if the moon shone thrice as bright as before, and the bright glowworms appeared multiplied to millions.

But that was the least of the wonders! For soon every thing around began to be alive, and from the bushes and the flower-cups, small beautiful beings of human form appeared, but so lovely, so light, and so small and fragrant, that it was easy to see they were spirits, and not human beings. There was not one among them as large as Jackey, but their faces were those of youths and full-grown maidens; they were dressed in transparent garments, and in their hair they wore wreaths of lilies, more beautiful than silver. Two among them were a little larger than the rest, and wore silver crowns on their heads instead of wreaths.

"That must certainly be the king and queen," thought Jackey, and kept as quiet as a mouse.

The king had selected a place where the moon shone brightest. Here he touched the ground with his lily sceptre, and immediately silver lilies sprung up and formed a beautiful throne, on which he and his queen seated themselves. The rest of the elves (for that is the name of those lovely little sprites,) rocked themselves upon flowers, and upon the stripes of fog which had arisen from the sea, and laughed, and chatted, and drank honey from the cups of mayflowers.

But when the moon stood directly over the forest, and everything partook of its brilliancy, the king gave a sign with his sceptre, and all the elves began to sing and dance in a circle.

Ye elves, ye elves, that wake to night,
Our friend, the moon, shines clear and bright,
Come hither all, come hither,
And quickly join the dance.
Softly, softly,
Softly, softly,
Sounds by night the elfin lay,

When no list'ner can be near,
Then we dance our time away,
'Till the song is done.

Flowers breath and lunar rays,
Dewdrops, ay, and glowworms blaze,
Carry us about at night,
To the left and to the right.
Softly, softly,
Softly, softly,
Sounds by night the elfin lay,
When no list'ner can be near,
Then we dance our time away,
'Till the song is done.
Softly here, softly there,
Here—there—here—there—
Away—way—way—ay— – –

And as they sung thus, and the tones became softer and softer, the little fairy beings melted away, until at last nothing more could be seen or heard of them.

But Jackey suddenly jumped up, and exclaimed: "Oh, what have I heard, what have I heard!—Violin, violin, did you hear it, too?"

"Certainly, Jackey!" whispered the fiddle, "it was the elfin dance, which mortals cannot resist when they hear it."

"Oh, if you could sing that air, violin."

"Take me from the bag, and try it."

Jack quietly took the fiddle out, and was about to commence playing! when suddenly the nightingale came and said: "Don't do it now, Jackey! and don't do it here in the forest. If you play that air at night, and in the forest, the little people will come back, and beat you and pinch you till you are black and blue all over, and they will bewitch the violin, that it cannot sing again. Wait until it is day, then I will fly before you, and show you the way out of the forest."

"Thank you, nightingale!" said Jack, and he put the fiddle back into the bag, lay down again upon his mossy bed, and was soon fast asleep. Above him sat the nightingale upon a tree and sang a lullaby.

When the sun again rose in the heavens, Jackey awoke, remembered everything that had happened yesterday, and could scarcely await the time when he should be allowed to repeat the elf-song. He therefore washed himself, quickly said his morning prayer, and only ate a very little breakfast. Then he called out, "Nightingale, I am ready!" and nightingale flew before him until the forest was at an end, and Jackey could plainly see the highway.

Then the nightingale and all the other birds said "good bye" to him, and begged him "soon to come again." Jackey promised to do so, and then walked towards the highway.

The first thing he did here, was to tune the violin and to try the elfin dance at once. At the very first trial he succeeded—better yet the second time, and after having played it the third time, he exclaimed joyously: "Bravo, violin, we can do it;" and now he sat down contentedly to take his breakfast.

As the sun rose higher, it became very hot and Jackey looked around him for a shelter.

To the left from the highway there was a large village, which was probably a mile off, and Jackey cheerily bent his way in that direction.

When he had arrived at the village it was just dinner time, and the steam of cooking arose from the different houses, and was most inviting to Jack's senses—for his bag had become very light. He opened it, however, and on examining the contents, he found to his horror, that his last smoked sausage was a *wooden* one, only a show sausage, which his stepmother had used to hang in the window as a

sign, that she had sausages for sale. Jackey's father had made the mistake in the dark, and perhaps in consequence of being in too great a hurry, Jackey had therefore nothing left to eat but a stale bit of bread and a small bit of salt pork.

He now stood before the tavern where several teamsters with freight-wagons were stopping. At the door, his hands folded over his pot-belly, stood the landlord, and seemed lazily to sun himself.

In the room, however, the windows of which were open, there were the teamsters and others, eating sourcrout and bacon, the favorite German national dish, which makes the Germans so strong, healthy and honest.

Jackey approached, stretched his neck, and looked longingly through the window at the large dish of sourcrout.

When the fat landlord observed him in this position, he said: "Hollo, you stupid boy, why are you standing there, peeping through the window, as if you were hungry. If you want to gain a dish of sourcrout and a piece of bacon, take out your fiddle and play something for my worthy guests, so that they grow merry and drink the more."

Jackey needed no second request to do this, but at once took up his fiddle and began to play the elfin dance.

Oh, gracious! how the fat landlord opened his big mouth, his eyes and his ears, when he heard this most lovely melody! The guests dropped their knives and forks—they forgot to eat—the waiters and the barmaid forgot their business, and in a very short time, almost the whole village was collected around the little fiddler. The old people scarcely ventured to breathe, the youths and maidens smiled at each other, but the little boys and girls danced around Jackey, who continually commenced the melody anew, and played it still more beautifully, the oftener he repeated it.

At last he was tired and dropped his bow, and all sighed "ah," as if awaking from a delightful dream. The fat host, however, was weeping for joy, and exclaimed: "Sourcrout! give him sourcrout, and ham, and eggs, and sausages, and whatever the dear boy wants. Do you hear, my boy, whatever you want, and as much as you want, for nothing I have can pay you for that music." And he stooped, though with much difficulty, for he was so very fat, and embraced Jackey, and conducted him into the

house, where he made him sit at the head of the table, and had him waited upon like a most honored guest.

The host then sent for the village tailor, who was ordered at once to make new and handsome clothes for Jackey; then the saddler had to make him a new knapsack, the shoemaker made him a pair of new shoes, the schoolmaster's wife presented him with a new cap, and the Burgomaster's wife gave him six new shirts—and he might have had much more, if he could only have carried all along with him.

The landlord would much rather that Jackey had remained with him, but our brave boy took his violin, played and sung:

Let me wander, I must wander,
Don't you hear the forests call?
Branches rustle, flowers whisper,
Hark the birds! they want me all.
Let me wander, let me wander,
Wand'ring only gives me joy.

Through the forest, through the meadow,
Through the valley, o'er the hill,
Over rivers, over mountains,
Onward let me wander still.

Let me wander, let me wander,
Wand'ring only gives me joy.

Let me wander, let me wander;
Ere I go, I'll sing you yet,
Fairy, elf and minstrel stories,
Which your heart will not forget.
Let me wander, let me wander,
Wand'ring only gives me joy.

"Go, then, in God's name, my dear boy," said the host, on the following morning, when Jackey thanked him a thousand times for his kindness, and bade him a final farewell. "Go your ways, and when you come to the city, only play away upon your fiddle, and you will not want money or friends." He then handed him his knapsack, which was well filled with provisions, and a little bottle of sweet wine, and Jackey left the village, singing and playing as he tramped along. And thus he passed from village to village, from town to town, from one kingdom to another, and wherever he played, old and young ran to hear him, and became happy. But of the elfin melody, people could never become satisfied, and whenever he played *that*, they were willing to give him everything he asked for, or do any service for him.

Jackey had gradually grown to be eighteen years old, was a very handsome boy, with beautiful, long, chestnut ringlets, large, dark eyes, fresh lips and rosy cheeks. He had no money, for he cared nothing for it, but because he had always preserved a pure and honest heart, the birds, flowers and forest trees loved him as well as ever, and still conversed with him as if he were yet a child, and his dear violin never left his side, but became more tuneful the longer she was with him. Thus it is, my dear little readers, with everything and everybody; if you are good yourself, then all that is good and pure will befriend you.

Jack and his violin had in this manner become known far and near through the whole world, and little children everywhere clapped their hands with joy, when they heard that "Fiddling Jackey,"—as he was everywhere called,—was coming their way. Thus he at last came to a great foreign country, where he was not, however, allowed to play, since the whole country was in mourning, as the Queen had just died, and her daughter, the most beautiful Princess, lay upon her death bed, having grieved too much at the loss of her beloved mother. The King, her father, whose only child she was, was almost despairing about her,

and had promised half of his kingdom to the physician who should save her life.

But not one of all the doctors could succeed. The learned gentlemen certainly said, that if they could manage to enliven, and awaken, and make her, by a pleasant excitement, forget her grief, she would soon grow better, but how to enliven her, they knew not, for every attempt had hitherto failed.

Then the King caused the following public proclamation to be made: "Whoever shall cure the Princess, shall be, after the King, the first man in the land, and if the Princess will marry him, he shall be the inheritor of my throne."

But no one had the courage to undertake it, as the doctors had all declared that the Princess could not be saved.

Jackey now thought to himself: "With the help of God, I will try it; and if the beautiful Princess won't have me afterwards—why, it's no matter! I shall, at any rate, have saved a good daughter, and preserved a child to her father. Oh, heavens," he continued with a sigh, "perhaps my own poor father may be helped by the same means."

He walked boldly to the castle, and when he told the guards that he had come to cure the Princess, they at once

conducted him to the King, who had commanded them not to send anybody away, no matter how poor or humble, as he would leave no means untried by which he might save his dear child. The guards, therefore, and all the servants of the court, had to make an exception to their usual rule, and had to be polite to humble and poor people for once.

When Jackey with his fiddle, appeared before the King, the latter looked astonished, and said: "Then you are the person who will restore the Princess, and save her life?"

And Jackey modestly replied: "Sir King, I cannot promise that, with a certainty, for one higher than either of us, rules over life and death; moreover, I have not yet seen the Princess, but I know what is said to be her sickness, and my remedy is always good for a sorrowing heart, and if I don't save her life, she shall at least sleep peacefully, and die without pains."

When the King heard this, he was moved to tears, and said: "Well, I will conduct you to her chamber, and you may try your remedy. I cannot bear to see her in her present state."

And he ordered Jackey to be conducted to the chamber of the Princess. Arrived there, Jack ordered everybody

out of the room, except the principal waiting woman, and the head physician. He then approached the bed where the Princess lay with her eyes closed, and her face deadly pale, even as if death were already upon her. Long he gazed at her, then seated himself at a little distance from the bed, and commenced playing. First he played a very soft *andante*, like the whispering of the forest leaves when the evening zephyr plays among the trees, and softly, soothing, and consoling as a heart might speak to a heart, when sorrow and sympathy bring two souls together. The Princess now raised her eyelids, and sighing softly, said: "What is this? where am I?"

Heavens!" exclaimed the head doctor, "heavens! she *speaks* again!" and quickly one of the servants from the antechamber hastened to the King, and said: "Wonder, wonder, your Majesty, the Princess has graciously condescended to speak again!"

And Jackey continued to play, and the nightingale's song, and the birds' chorus, and the basso of the rivulet mingled together, and he repeated all that he had often heard in the forest.

The Princess now began to smile, and a slight blush

returned to her cheeks. "Ah, sweet nightingale," she whispered, "bring me flowers and pretty pebbles."

And again the head physician sent a messenger to the King, to say, that "she now was saved, if she could only be made to fall into a gentle slumber."

And Jackey played the nightingale song softer and softer, till it gradually seemed to die away, and only a soft whisper as the breath of a gentle wind could be heard in the room. Suddenly, however, the tones began to tremble like the rays of the moon, and now the flower-bells began to ring and the glowworms to hum, until at last he came to the elfin dance, which he now played so beautifully, that the elves themselves could not have played it better.

But how shall I recount all that happened now? The King himself had hastened to the spot, and saw the Princess sitting up in her bed, with clear eyes and a happy smile upon her face. He wanted to rush to her, but he, as well as all others, was charmed by the sweet elfin lay, and could only listen with delight, and all the servants of the palace crowded round the door to listen and be charmed.

When Jackey had played the elfin dance thrice over, and then stopped, the Princess sunk back upon her pillow,

and fell into a gentle sleep, and her cheeks bloomed again like young roses, and her breath was light and soft, her pulse composed and regular.

The head physician observed and examined closely all these symptoms, then walked joyfully to the King and said: "Sire, she is saved!"

Then the king came to Jackey, embraced him, and hung a golden chain around his neck, and ordered to have splendid clothes given him and to have him treated in every respect like a Prince of the royal blood.

On the following morning the Princess was well and hearty as ever, and consoled at the loss of her mother. Then the King presented her preserver to her, and she immediately declared, that she was ready to fulfil the promise made by her father, and in a few days after, Jackey and the beautiful Princess were solemnly married.

Immediately after the wedding, Jackey begged his father-in-law to allow him to take a journey with his wife and a small retinue. The King willingly consented, and Jackey, with the Princess and their household, journeyed towards the village where Jackey was born. As he passed through the forest, he remembered all the old trees, and the trees

knew him, and they told the children and grandchildren of the birds who had lived here ten years ago, all about little "Fiddling Jackey; and all the birds came to see him, and also the old cuckoo, who was the only one of the old birds still alive; he came and brought his whole family with him. From him Jackey learned that his stepmother was dead, but that his father was still alive, and came every evening and seated himself by the side of the streamlet, on the spot where he had parted from Jackey, ten years ago.

Then Jack had at once a beautiful tent erected in the forest, and had the outside of the tent entirely hidden by trees and bushes, and then he gave some orders to the old cuckoo, who immediately flew away to execute them. The Princess and her ladies entered the tent, but the rest of the retinue had to seek hiding places in the neighborhood.

When the sun was sinking in the west, an old man came slowly down the forest path towards the streamlet. Jackey quickly recognized his father, and could scarcely restrain himself from rushing towards him and throwing himself into his arms.

The old man seated himself by the stream, looked at it with tears in his eyes, and said:

"Tell me, streamlet, hast thou never seen my Jackey again?"

"No!" murmured the streamlet, in a melancholy tone.

"And you?" he continued to ask, as he looked up at the tree, where the cuckoo was sitting.

'Cuckoo!" cried the bird, "let us hope."

"Alas!" said the old man, "all the playmates of Jackey are dead. The nightingale and the goldfinch, the linnet, the siskin and the merry bullfinch; of all the creatures who loved him, only you and I are remaining, and we are both old and weak. My voice trembles, and your call is no longer as strong as it was when the whole forest used to hear it,—we have hoped and hoped, but Jackey never came back. Alas, cuckoo, what if Jackey has died, as all his playmates have died?"

"Ah, no, old man," said cuckoo," let us still hope; the swallows, who returned a short time ago, from a voyage, told me of one who must resemble Jackey very much, if it is not himself—but hark! the young nightingale is beginning to sing;" and really the nightingale commenced a melody, but it was not long, when another melody was heard—a tune, which the old man remembered only too

well! He jumped up—clapped his hands, but was so weak that he sunk down again, exclaiming, "Heavens, is it possible!"

Then the tones became louder, and merry bugles were heard, and the trees shook their tops with joy, and the flowers rung their little bells, and hare, and deer, and doe danced merrily and without fear.

Then the old man cried loudly. "Huzzah! it is Jack, it is my Jackey! and that is our dear fiddle! Oh, come, come to your poor old father."

And suddenly Jackey appeared, and rushed into his father's arms, and both hugged and kissed each other, and wept for joy. But the music of the forest continued more merrily than before, and the cuckoo and his whole family cried with all their might, "cuckoo, cuckoo," which sounded very much like "hurrah, hurrah."

When father and son had somewhat recovered from the tumult of their joy, the young Princess and her retinue, came up also. Jackey told everything to his father, and presented his young and beautiful bride to him, who hesitated not to kiss the old father of her husband.

As there was no house large or comfortable enough in the

village, the party concluded to pass the night in the tent, and to erect two or three more for the servants. But the old cuckoo laughed and said: "Spare your labor. I have already spoken to the master of the forest, and provided everything necessary."

At night when all were fast asleep, the cuckoo came to the Prince's tent, awoke him, and said: "Arise, your friends and protectors are coming;" and when Jackey arose, he heard the elfin lay in the distance. Quickly he took up his violin, and followed cuckoo, playing all the way.

When he came to the large open place in the forest, he saw all the elves collected, and the King and Queen upon their throne. And Oberon beckoned him with a friendly smile, and said: "You have been favored as no mortal was favored before; you have heard our elfin lay, and may now confer pleasure and happiness with it, upon your fellow men. As long as you remain good and innocent as you have hitherto been, you may retain the magic gift, and we will love and protect you. Now return to your kingdom, confer pleasure and happiness wherever you can, and you shall always be happy." And Oberon winked and the elfin dance began anew, and Jackey felt himself raised by

invisible hands, and gently carried through the air. In a few minutes he was in the splendid saloon of the palace, and his wife, his father and the King stood around him, and he related everything to them.

For many years he lived happy and contented, and when the old King and his father were dead, he became King, and his reign was marked by wisdom and goodness. He never forgot the voice of the forest, and still continued at times to play the elfin lay, and if he has not died since, he is probably alive to this day.

# Aslog and Orm.

# ASLOG AND ORM,

## OR THE GIANTS' AND DWARFS' FEAST.

### A NORWEGIAN LEGEND.

In Norway, not far from the famous city of Drontheim, there lived once upon a time, a great and noble man, who seemed blessed with every earthly luxury. A great part of the country around belonged to him; numerous herds grazed upon his meadows; rich fields and forests surrounded his mansions, and a large number of servants was in constant attendance to his call. He had an only daughter, called *Aslog*, the celebrity of whose beauty had spread far and near. The first young nobles of the land sought her hand, but all in vain; and those who had come, full of hope and expectation, returned from their visits in sadness and silence.

The father, who believed that his daughter only refused

all these suitors to wait for a still greater and more exalted match, did not interfere, but was pleased at the prudence, and, as he believed, wordly wisdom of his daughter. But when at last the first of the nobles and the richest of the land had in vain wooed her, and all met refusals, the father became angry and said to her:

"Hitherto, I have given thee free choice; but since I now perceive that all, without distinction of rank, are rejected by thee, and that the very best suitor in the land does not seem good enough, I must interfere. Shall my house and race die away with me, and my vast possessions fall into the hands of strangers? I will curb the obstinacy of thy temper. I give thee from this until Christmas time to choose; select a husband before then, or be prepared to receive him whom I shall select for thee."

Now Aslog loved a brave and noble youth, called *Orm*. She loved him with her whole soul, and would rather die than give her hand to another. But Orm was poor, and his poverty compelled him to serve in the house of her father. Their love was kept a secret between the two, for her proud father would never have given his consent to her marriage with a serving-man.

When Aslog saw the frown upon her father's brow, and when she heard his cruel words, she turned pale as death, for she well knew his temper, and knew that he never failed to fulfil his threats. Without therefore replying a word, she retired to her solitary chamber, and bethought herself how she might escape the danger which so threateningly hung over her head. On the morning of the very day when her father uttered those cruel words, she had been secretly married, by a hermit, who lived in a cave not far from her father's mansion, and who loved her as well as Orm, for the kindness and goodness of their dispositions.

Of this marriage she dared not tell her father, as he would certainly kill them both; meanwhile the blessed Christmas time drew nearer, and their fears and sorrows increased from day to day.

At last the lovers concluded to fly. "I know a safe asylum," said Orm, "where we can remain undiscovered until we find an opportunity to leave the country."

In the night, when all were asleep, the bold Orm conducted the trembling Aslog over snow and ice towards the mountains. The moon and the stars, which always shine brighter when the snow is upon the ground, were the

only lights to guide them. They had taken a few clothes and skins with them, which was all they could carry. They wandered all night among the mountains, until they reached a solitary place, surrounded by rocks. Here Orm conducted the over-fatigued Aslog into a cave, the dark and narrow entrance to which was scarcely visible; but soon it widened to a great hall which led into the mountain. Orm here lighted a fire, by which they seated themselves, resting upon the rocks, and excluded from all the world besides.

Orm was the first who had ever discovered this cave, which to the present day bears his name, and is shown to the curious traveller; and since nobody else knew of its existence, the lovers were safe from persecution. Here they passed the entire winter. Orm used to follow the chase, whilst Aslog remained in the cave, kept up the fire and prepared their meals. Ofttimes she would ascend to the tops of the rocks, but, as far as her eye could reach, she could discover nothing but glimmering fields of ice and snow.

At last spring came; the forests became green, the meadows donned their variegated dresses, and now Aslog could but rarely, and with the utmost caution emerge from

the cave. One evening about this time, Orm returned home with the news that he had in the distance seen her father's people, and that he was certain of having been recognized by them, since they were hunters, and as sharp-sighted as himself. "They will surround this place," he continued, "and never rest until they have found us; we must, therefore, leave this, at once."

They consequently descended the other side of the mountain, and reached the sea-shore, where they luckily found a boat. They left the beach in this, and the boat drifted far into the open sea. Thus they had certainly escaped pursuit, but were now exposed to dangers of another kind; whither should they turn? They dared not venture to land, for Aslog's father was master of the entire coast, and they would be certain of falling into his hands. Nothing therefore remained for them, but to leave the boat to the tender mercies of wind and waves. And thus they passed the whole night. At daybreak the coast had disappeared, and they saw nothing but sky and water. They had not brought a mouthful of provision with them, and soon hunger, but more than that, thirst began to torture them. Three days they passed in this state upon the wild waves

and the exhausted and weary Aslog expected that every moment would be the last of their existence.

At last, at the end of the third day, they discovered an island of tolerably large size, which was surrounded by a multitude of smaller islands. Orm immediately steered towards it, but as he approached, there arose a terrible wind, and the waves rose higher and higher. He changed the course of his boat, in hopes to be able to land on another side, but he met with no better success; as often as his frail bark approached the shore, it seemed to be driven back by an invisible power.

"Merciful God!" he exclaimed, looking towards poor Aslog, who seemed to be dying of exhaustion. Scarcely had that exclamation passed his lips, when the storm ceased, the waves became calm, and the boat landed without further trouble. Orm leaped ashore; a few shell-fish, which he found on the beach, soon revived and strengthened the exhausted Aslog, so that she also could leave the boat.

The island was nearly all overgrown with low trees and bushes, and seemed uninhabited; but after they had walked to about its centre, they discovered a house, which

seemed to be built partly under and partly above the ground. In the hope of finding human assistance, they approached. For some time they listened, expecting to hear voices and a noise within, but nothing except the deepest silence prevailed. At last, Orm opened the door, and entered with his companion; how great was their astonishment, to find everything apparently prepared for inhabitants, whilst they could not discover a human being, or even the trace of a footstep except their own, anywhere. The fire was burning brightly upon a hearth in the middle of the room, and over it hung a kettle of fish, evidently waiting for somebody to make a meal thereof. Beds stood ready made, to receive sleepers. For a long time, Orm and Aslog stood hesitating, and looked at the luxuries around them in fear and astonishment. At last hunger overcame them, and they took the meal prepared for them, and ate. After their hunger was appeased, and they could not yet see or hear any one far or near, they yielded to their fatigue, and laid down upon the beds, a luxury they had not enjoyed in a long time.

They had expected to be awakened during the night by the returning proprietor of the house, but they were

mistaken. On the following day, also, nobody came, and it seemed as if some invisible power had prepared the house for their reception. They passed a most pleasant summer at this house; true, they were alone, but they did not miss society much. The eggs of wild birds which they found, and the fish they caught, gave them plenty to live upon.

When autumn arrived, Aslog bore a son. In the midst of their joy at his appearance, they were surprised by another strange visitor. The door opened very suddenly, and an old woman entered. She wore a beautiful sky-blue dress, and her whole demeanor seemed proud, but at the same time strange and unearthly.

"Don't be frightened," she said, "at my sudden appearance; I am the owner of this house, and thank you for having kept everything in good order, and so clean and tidy as I find it. I would gladly have come sooner, but could not come before the arrival of that little heathen there; (pointing to the boy,) but now I have free access; but don't you go to call a priest from afar to baptize him, else I must away again. If you obey my wishes, you may not only remain here, but I will confer every favor you may wish, upon you. Whatever your hand touches will have success,

and fortune will follow you withersoever you go. If you break these conditions, depend upon it, that misfortune will follow you forever, and even upon your child will I avenge myself. If you need anything, or find yourselves in any danger, you have only to call thrice upon my name, and I will appear and come to your assistance. I am of the race of the ancient giants, and my name is *Guru*. Be careful never in my presence to mention the name of *Him*, whom no giant dares to know, and never make the sign of the cross, nor cut it into the wood-work of this house. You may live here all the year round, in quiet and comfort; on *Juels*-night alone, you will be so kind as to leave the house to me; when the sun is at its lowest, let me have possession. Then we celebrate our great festival, the only time when we are permitted to be merry. If you don't like to leave the house on that evening, remain as quiet as possible all day and night in the garret, and as you love your lives, don't attempt to peep into the room before midnight. After that hour you may resume quiet possession."

After the old woman had spoken these words, she disappeared; and Aslog and Orm, now satisfied with their

position, lived happy and contented, and without further interruption. Orm never cast his net upon the waters, without catching as many of the best fish as he desired, nor did he ever send an arrow from his bow, that did not reach its mark; in short, whatever he undertook, succeeded to admiration.

When Christmas came, they cleaned up the house in the best manner, put every thing in order, lighted a fire upon the hearth, and as evening approached, they ascended to the garret, where they kept quiet and very still. At last it became dark, and then it seemed as if they heard a rushing and rustling noise in the air, such as swans are apt to make in the winter season. There was a large opening on the side of the chimney, which could be opened or closed at pleasure to let the smoke escape, or the light in. Orm raised the lid of this, which was only covered with a skin, and put his head out; but what a strange spectacle was that he suddenly beheld. The small islands all around were illumined by numberless little blue lights, which were continually in motion, jumping up and down, then approached the shore, gathered in small parties, and came still nearer and nearer, towards the island where Orm and

Aslog lived. At last they landed, and now all stood in a circle around a large stone, which was not far from the shore, and was well known to Orm. But how great was the astonishment of the latter, when he observed that the stone gradually assumed a human shape, though of gigantic size! Now he could also distinctly see that the little blue lights were carried by dwarfs, whose pale earth-colored faces with great noses and red eyes, also disfigured by large bird bills, and eyes like owls in some instances, rested upon fearfully-misshapen bodies; these dwarfs waddled, hopped, and walked about, seeming to be merry and sad at the same time.

Suddenly the circle opened, the little fellows gave way on all sides, and Guru, who now was as large as the stone, approached with giant strides. She embraced with both her arms the stone image, and immediately the rock had life and animation. At the first sign of this, the dwarfs all began a song, or rather a howl, amidst the strangest and most grotesque grimaces, so loud that the whole island resounded and seemed to tremble with it. Orm, frightened to death, drew his head back, and he and Aslog now

remained in the dark, and kept so quiet that they scarcely breathed.

The dwarfs' procession now approached the house, as Orm could well notice, by the increasing and near noise. At last they had all entered; lightly and merrily now danced the dwarfs upon the benches and tables; heavy and solemn, amidst their merriment, resounded the steps of the giant. Orm and his wife now heard them set the table, heard the plates and dishes rattle, and knew by their songs and merriment, that they were celebrating their festival. After the meal was over, and midnight was near, they commenced that magic strain which confuses the soul and maddens the senses; the strain which some people have heard in the valleys of rocks, or have learned from unearthly musicians; to these strains all began to dance.

Soon as Aslog heard this music, she felt an irresistible desire to see the dance. Orm had not the power to restrain her. "Let me look," she said; "only let me look, or my heart will break." She took her child, and placed herself upon the farthest edge of the garret, where, without being seen, she could see all that passed below. Long, long she gazed, without averting her eyes, and watched the bold

and wonderful capers of the little people, who seemed to be floating in the air, not touching the earth at all; whilst the enchanting fairy-music filled her whole soul. Meanwhile, the child in her arms became sleepy, and breathed very heavily. Without remembering the promise she had given to the old woman, she did, as is mother's custom, kiss her sleeping babe, and said, "May Christ bless thee, my child."

Scarcely had these words passed her lips, when a fearful, stunning noise arose. The sprites rushed and tumbled head over heels, and falling over each other, from the house; the lights vanished, and in a few minutes the house was deserted by all its late visitors. Orm and Aslog, frightened to death, retreated to the farthest corner of the house; they dared not move until day dawned; and only after the sun shone through the hole in the roof, and shed its rays into the house, they gathered courage enough to descend.

The table was still laid, even as the ghosts had left it, and was laden with the most costly and wonderfully-worked silver plate. In the middle of the room, and on the floor, there stood a high copper-kettle, half filled with sweet mead, and, by the side of it, a drinking horn, of pure gold. In one corner lay a stringed-instrument, very large, and, in shape,

somewhat like the cithern, which giantesses are said to play upon. In astonishment Orm and Aslog looked at everything, but were afraid to touch anything they saw; but how great was their fright and wonder, when, on looking round, they saw a gigantic figure, which Orm immediately recognized as the giant whom Guru had embraced, seated by the table. It was now again a cold, hard stone. Whilst they stared at this, Guru herself, now of gigantic size, entered the room. She wept so bitterly that her tears fell to the ground. It was a long time before she could utter a word, amidst her sobs: at last she said:

"You have brought great sorrow upon me, and henceforth I must weep all my days; but since I know that whatever you have done, you did with no evil intentions, I will forgive you, though it would be as easy for me to crush the house upon your heads as to crush an eggshell."

"Alas!" she exclaimed, weeping more bitterly than before, "there sits my husband, whom I loved more than myself, and he is forever turned into stone, and will never again open his eyes. For three centuries I lived with my father happy and in innocence, upon the isle of Kumau, and

Aslog and Orm enter their room after the Dwarf's feast. Page 82.

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was the fairest of all the giant-maidens. Mighty heroes wooed for my hand. The ocean which girdeth our isle is filled with rocks, which those heroes threw upon each other in the battle for my hand. *Andfind* gained the victory, and I was betrothed to him. Before, however, our wedding was consummated, the fearful *Odin* invaded our land, conquered my father, and drove us all from our island. My father and sisters fled to the mountains, and these eyes have never beheld them again. Andfind and myself took refuge in this island, where for a long time we lived in peace, hoping never to be disturbed again. But that destiny which rules over us, and which we cannot escape, willed it otherwise. *Oluf* came here from Britain. They called him a saint; and Andfind soon discovered that his arrival would be destruction to the race of giants.

"When we heard Oluf's vessel rushing through the waves, my husband came to the sea-shore, and blew the waves with all his might against the vessel. The waves soon swelled to mountains. But Oluf was more powerful than he, and the ship steadily, and swiftly as an arrow, pursued its course. It came directly towards our island. When the ship had come so near that Andfind thought

his hands could reach it, he took the bow in his right hand, to drag it to the bottom of the sea, as he had often done before with other vessels. But Oluf—the fearful Oluf—walked towards the bow, and crossing his hands, exclaimed in a loud voice: "Remain thou there a stone, nor walk again until the day of judgment!" and in an instant my unfortunate husband was turned into a rock. The ship sailed straightforward, and without interruption it ran against a mountain, which it cut in twain, and thus separated yonder small isle from this island.

"Since that day all happiness and fortune has left me Alone and solitary have I passed my life. Only on the Juel evenings giants who are turned to stone can regain their life, for the space of seven hours—but only if one of their own race will embrace them—and is ready to sacrifice a hundred years of his own life for those seven hours. It is but rarely that a giant will do that. I loved my husband too dearly not to recall him to life as often as it was in my power, even if the sacrifice had been much greater. I never kept account how often I had done this, that I might not know when the time would come that I must share his fate, and become like him at the very moment of embrace. But,

alas! even this annual consolation is now gone. I never again can wake him by my embrace, since he heard you call out a name which I dare not pronounce; and never again will he see the light, until the morning dawns upon the day of judgment.

"I now must leave you; and you will never again behold me. All that is in this house I present to you, except only that musical instrument, to the sounds of which I may sing of my woes. Let no one dare to visit any of those small surrounding islands; there the subterranean dwarfs, whom you have seen at the feast, abide; and I will protect them as long as I shall live."

At these words she disappeared. The following spring Orm carried the golden horn and the silver vases and plates to Drontheim, where nobody knew him. The value of all these things was so great, that he was enabled to buy all the luxuries the richest people usually possess. He loaded a ship with his purchases and returned to the island, where he lived many years in uninterrupted happiness. Aslog's father also soon became reconciled to his rich son-in-law.

The stone image remained in the house. No body of men was ever able to move it. The stone was so hard,

that hammers and axes broke to pieces without even making a mark upon the rock. The giant remained stationary until a holy man came to the island, who, with a single word, brought him back to his old place, where he has remained since. The copper-kettle, which had been used at the dwarfs' feast, has been preserved by the inhabitants of the island, which to the present day is called *the Isle of House*

# The Sealed Famulus.

# THE CHEATED FAMULUS.

A LEGEND OF THE CANTON BASLE.

You have perhaps all heard of the celebrated, learned and wise, Doctor Paracelsus, who effected so many cures with his mysteriously-prepared tinctures and lotions, and healed thousands of sick. A long time he lived at Basle as Professor at the University, and was so highly honored, that the Archbishop Ernest, even, called him to Salzburg, where he afterwards resided until his death. His end was brought about by a fall from his horse, and the far-famed Doctor knew of no means to prolong his own life even for a day.

When he felt that his last hour was near, he desired to leave the secrets of his art to one of his pupils, so that these secrets might not all be lost to mankind, and not one among them seemed so well suited to inherit this knowledge as his Famulus. Paracelsus, however, wanted first to convince himself that this Famulus had a pure heart, and an honest

mind, for the Doctor considered these as necessary requisites to his secret art; and he therefore concluded, once more, to examine the young man's mind. He called him to his bedside, and said:

"What do you think of my sickness? do you believe that I can get well again? But I beg you only to speak the truth, according to your judgment and your conscience."

The Famulus knew very well that there was no help for his master, but thought to himself: "If I give him hope, he will rejoice, and in gratitude will leave me all his tinctures and lotions, which will enable me to become very rich. He therefore professed to be very sad, and said:

"How can you speak so sadly, great master, when you know full well, that your death would be the greatest misfortune for me. But why do I say, for me—for the whole world! But, thank Heaven, it is not so bad with you, and you look a great deal better to-day; I could swear, that with your incomparable medicines, you will be well again in a few days."

Paracelsus knew full well how untrue and hypocritical were these words, and also perceived that his Famulus was by no means honest, and cared for money more than for

science. He therefore concluded rather to destroy his most valuable tincture, than to let it fall into the hands of the Famulus.

With an assumed friendliness, he therefore took the word, and said: "I willingly believe you, my son, for I already begin to feel symptoms of returning health; and I would never have been so ill, if I had not tried upon myself, the power of a newly-invented tincture against the gout. But the extract is too powerful, and is unfit for the purpose, and has, besides that, a secret power, which may easily be dangerous to him who should become acquainted with it. Therefore, that no mischief may be done with it, I shall destroy it. Oblige me, then, by taking yonder well-sealed bottle from the shelf, carry it out to the bridge over the Salzack, break it, and pour the whole of its contents into the water. Only in this way, much mischief may be avoided."

When the Famulus heard these words, he thought to himself: "Well, look how cunning my master means to be; he is well aware that he cannot live much longer, and from sheer jealousy he will not let another have his most valuable tincture. I would be a great fool, if I obeyed his

order; no, I will keep that phial safe enough, for I am certain it is an infallible cure for gout, and after my master's death I can cure many people with it, and gain a great deal of money. I never would have thought, that the old Doctor was so selfish and stingy." But to his master he said:

"Your wish shall immediately be fulfilled, and it will give me pleasure to destroy a medicine which has injured my dear master's health."

Then he brought the bottle his master had designated, and prepared himself apparently to fulfil his master's orders; but secretly he carried it to his own chamber, filled another bottle with common water, went to the bridge and threw that bottle over. This he did from fear that the Doctor might have sent a servant after him, to convince himself that the Famulus had really emptied the bottle at the place where he had been told. Rejoiced at the success of his fraud, he now returned to the sick man's bedside.

"Thank you," said Paracelsus, with a weak voice, as his Famulus approached the bed. "You have rendered me a much greater service, than you can imagine; but tell me,

what did you see when you broke the bottle, and when its contents touched the water?"

"What—have—I—seen? Nothing, dear master," replied the Famulus, in no little alarm.

"Then, sir, you have told an untruth, and have not broken the bottle," said Paracelsus, very angrily; "but you have thereby prepared your own misery. And since you did not seem to believe my words, you will not value my art very highly. I am sorry for that, for I had just chosen you for my successor. But I would now rather break all my bottles with my own hands, than to let them fall into yours."

And now the Famulus was very much frightened, for he had great faith in the Doctor's knowledge, and feared the misery which he predicted. Besides this, he was angry with himself, that his own selfishness should have played him such a trick; for if he had only obeyed the Doctor's command in regard to that *one* bottle, all the other bottles and phials, and even the secret of preparing their contents, would have been his reward.

He therefore showed the most sincere repentance at having retained the bottle,—but his repentance had another

reason, than the one he wanted to make his master believe.

"You see," he began with a hypocritical face, "it caused me the greatest sorrow, to be compelled to destroy even a single result of your deep, and rare science, for I was convinced, that in some way or other, the contents of that phial might benefit mankind. But I now perceive my great error, and will hasten to repair it." Quickly he now went to his chamber, brought the bottle, hastened to the bridge over the Salzach, and broke it against the railing, so that the contents all fell into the stream. And immediately the broad surface of the water glimmered and shone like melted gold, and the Famulus observed to his horror, that the bottle had contained a most rare and powerful tincture, which had the secret power of turning everything it touched into gold. He had never known that his master was in possession of the rare secret of preparing that tincture, a secret of which he had read a great deal in old books, and which thousands had sought after in vain. Oh, how badly had his master cheated him! In perfect despair the Famulus tore his hair, and would have cast himself into the stream to gather as much as possible of the bright gold that

The Cheated Famulus. (Page 94)

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floated on the surface; but he had no vessel at hand to put it in, and the yellow gloss already began to disappear, and the little grains of gold which he had thrown in at the same time, had already sunk to the bottom.

At last he said to himself: "Certainly, the Doctor must have more than this one bottle of the tincture, and I will hasten home to search for it everywhere." Quickly he hurried back, and as he entered with a pale face into his master's room, the latter observed at once, that his servant's falsehood was now punished, and began to laugh immoderately.

"Oh, master, master," cried the Famulus, but Paracelsus would not let him speak, and said:

"I have told you before, that it would bring you misery, if you knew the secret power of that mixture; in the hand of such a person as you, it must be productive of evil; console yourself, therefore, and be content with the loss of that valuable bottle."

And the false Famulus replied: "Oh, master, what a great and wise man you are! Yes, you are right, and I acknowledge my worthlessness, for who besides yourself on earth would be worthy to possess so wonderful a secret!

Therefore, if you have any more of these phials, tell me where they stand, that I may at once go and destroy them."

Then the Doctor laughed ten times more than before, and said: "It was the only one. Fool, did you think that so valuable a tincture would be made by the bucket full. Oh, the stupidity of this world!" And Paracelsus laughed so loud, and so heartily, and so long, that he died of it.

Since that hour, as we know from reliable authority, people often find grains of gold in the sand of the Salzach stream.

# Vinccio.

# MIUCCIO,

## THE DRAGON KILLER.

A NEAPOLITAN FAIRY TALE.

THERE was once a King of *Alta-Marina*, so cruel and inhuman, that one day, when he had left his queen alone, and was visiting one of his castles at a distance, a certain woman, who was a witch, took possession of his royal throne. In consequence of this mishap, he consulted a wooden image which possessed oracular powers, and he was told in reply, that he would not again obtain possession, until that witch had become blind. When he found that the witch, who was, moreover, well guarded, recognized at the first glance, all those persons whom he sent out to blind her, and that she killed them immediately, he grew desperate, and from dire revenge, murdered every woman that fell into his hands.

After hundreds and hundreds had had the misfortune of

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losing their lives in this cruel manner, it chanced tha a lady called *Portiella,* the most beautiful creature on earth, came across his path. Her hair was a chain to fetter lovers; her forehead the escutcheon of love's charms; her eyes were beacons to light to the haven of love, and her mouth a honeyed cup between two rosebuds.

When this beautiful Portiella fell into the hands of the cruel King, he was about to kill her like the rest. On the instant, however, when he was about to execute his judgment, and when he raised the dagger, a bird dropped an unknown root upon the King's arm, which caused such a sudden trembling that the steel fell from his hand.

This bird was a fairy, who had a few days before sought rest in a forest, and had fallen asleep beneath a tree, though not without danger, for a certain satyr approached, and was about to harm her, when Portiella chanced to pass by, and quickly awoke the fairy. The latter was grateful for this act, and henceforth watched over Portiella, to gain an opportunity of showing her gratitude.

When the King reflected upon the accident, he concluded that the beauty of Portiella's face, had so great an influence upon his arm, that the dagger could not do its duty. He

therefore would not personally renew the attempt to take her life, but determined to immure her in one of the dungeons of his palace; he quickly executed this plan, and the unfortunate lady was enclosed within four walls, without meat or drink, there gradually to die by starvation.

The bird, who saw her in this sad condition, consoled her with sweet words, and begged her to be cheerful; for, in consideration of the great service she had rendered him, he would help her, even at the risk of his own life. Notwithstanding all that Portiella said to the contrary, he assured her, that he was under great obligations to her, and added, that he would leave nothing untried in her service. As he had observed, that she was nearly dying of hunger, he hastily flew away, but quickly returned with a pointed knife, which he had taken from the King's chamber. With this, he requested her to cut a hole in the corner of her cell which was just above the kitchen, and that he would bring her food through it. Portiella worked steadily until the hole was large enough to admit the bird; the latter waited until the cook had gone out to get some water, and then took a roasted fowl off the spit, and brought it to Portiella; as he knew not how he could bring her anything to drink, and as

she was very thirsty, he flew to the attic, where a large quantity of grapes had been hung up, and carried the finest bunch he could find to his protegé. This he did for many days.

Meanwhile Portiella gave birth to a lovely boy, whom she nursed with the constant assistance of the bird. When he had grown up and was strong enough, the fairy-bird advised his mother to make the hole in her cell larger, and to take one or two planks out of the floor, in order to let Miuccio, such was the boy's name, pass through; after having done this, and having passed the boy out by means of some ropes which the bird had brought her, she should replace those planks, so that no one could see whence the boy had come.

Portiella did exactly as the bird had instructed her, impressed upon her son's mind never to tell whence he came, or whose child he was, and then, when the cook was out, she let him down through the aperture. When the cook on his return found the beautiful boy, he asked him who he was, whence he came, and what he wanted. The child, remembering the advice of his mother, said that he was a poor deserted boy, and in search of a master. Whilst

the two were thus conversing, the chief butler entered the kitchen, and when he saw that the little fellow was so very smart and handsome, he thought he might be an excellent page for the King. He therefore conducted him to the royal chambers, and when he was found to be so very handsome and amiable, the King at once took him into his service as a page, and became so much attached to him, that he let him be instructed in all knightly knowledge, so that he soon became the most accomplished young man at the court. The King loved him much more than his own step-son, and in consequence of this, the Queen began to hate Miuccio, and to treat him very badly; her hatred still increased, and increased more, as Miuccio grew daily in the King's favor. At last she determined so to smear the steps of fortune's ladder with soap, that Miuccio must fall from the top to the bottom.

She therefore said to the King, one evening, when he was in very good humor; "There is Miuccio, my dear, who has boasted of being able to build castles in the air."

Partly in levity, and partly to please his wife, the King, on the following morning, as soon as the moon, the schoolmaster of shadows, had given his pupils a holiday,

consequently of the advent of the bright sun, had Miuccio called, and commanded him to build three castles in the air, as he had boasted he could do, otherwise he would have to dance in the air himself.

When Miuccio heard this command, he went into his chamber and began to weep bitterly, for he perceived that royal favor is made of glass, and kingly kindness only short-lived. Whilst he was thus weeping and complaining, the bird came to him: "I can bring the chestnuts out of the fire for thee," he said; "take courage and fear nothing, as long as thou hast my assistance." Thereupon he ordered him to take pasteboard and glue, and to make three large castles; then the bird brought three griffins, tied one of the castles to each, and these flew out of the window. Miuccio now called the King, who hastened to the spot with his entire court, to see the spectacle. When the King had seen this proof of Miuccio's talent, he loved him more than ever, and absolutely loaded him with favors; but he thus carried more ice and wormwood to the cold and bitter envy of the Queen, and new coals to the fire of her anger; she could not keep awake in day time, nor sleep at night

without dreaming of some means by which she could destroy the object of her hatred.

At last she again addressed the King, and said: "My dear husband, it is high time that the grandeur and joy of our past days were back; now Miuccio has declared that he could blind the witch, and by taking her eyes, give back to your sight a lost kingdom." The King, who was very sore upon this particular point, immediately called Miuccio, and said to him: "I am very much astonished, that you, whom I have loved and favored so much, should have had the power to help me again to the throne which I have lost, and yet are so idle and careless, never to have made the attempt to deliver me from the misery I now am in; to see me taken from the mastery of a mighty city, and reduced to that of a miserable little castle, from the command of armies, to that of a few miserable domestics; therefore, if you do not wish my misery, hasten hence immediately, and put out the eyes of the witch who has my kingdom in her possession; for in closing her window shutters, you open the magazine of my greatness—in extinguishing her tapers, you light the lamps of my glory, which now burn dimly and darkly."

When Miuccio heard this proposition, he was about to reply to the King, and to tell him that he was wrongly informed; that he was neither a crow, who could hack people's eyes out, nor a gimlet to bore holes.

But the King quickly said: "Not another word, I will have it so, and it must be done. Make up your account, that I may make up the balance in the scales of my mind; in one scale, the reward, if you do as I request you; in the other, the penalty, if you omit what I have commanded."

Miuccio, who would not willingly run his head against a rock, and who knew that he was dealing with a man who unfortunately stood under the control of his wife, left the presence to vent his grief elsewhere. As he stood upon a high bridge, thinking seriously of jumping off into the stream below, to drown himself, his old friend, the bird, again came to him, and said:

"Is it possible that you think of suicide for such a trifle? If I were dead, you might be justified in thinking of such folly. Do you not know yet, that I value your life higher even than mine own? Take courage and come with me, and you shall see what a bird can do."

He then flew towards a forest, and commenced to sing;

soon a great number of birds gathered around him, whom he addressed, and told, that the bird among them, who should succeed in blinding the witch, should have from him a safeguard against vultures and eagles, as also against the arrows, shots, traps, and nets of men.

Among these birds there was a swallow, who had built her nest against a cornice of the witch's palace, and who heartily hated her, because, whenever the latter began her wicked conjurations, she had driven the bird and her young away, with smoke and fire. This swallow, partly from revenge, and partly to obtain the promised reward, agreed to execute the commission. Quick as lightning, therefore, she flew back to the city, and arriving at the palace, she found the witch stretched upon a couch, and two handmaidens by her side, who were fanning her. The swallow hovered directly over this group, and as the witch happened to look upwards, she dropped something which she had procured, directly into her eyes, which deprived her forever of her sight.

When the witch found that it became night to her at noonday, she knew that this closing of the inspector's office, lost her forever the treasures of the kingdom; she uttered one wild scream, dropped the sceptre from her hand, and

rushed out to hide herself in certain caves in the mountains. Here, running her head against the rocks, she ended her days.

When the witch was gone, the ministers sent an ambassador to the King, to request him to return and enjoy his reign, since the blindness of the witch had brought about that happy day. Along with this ambassador came also Miuccio, who, by the advice of the bird, said to the King: "I have served you faithfully. The witch is blind, and the kingdom is again entirely your own; if I deserve reward for this, I ask nothing, but to be left to my own fate, and not again to be exposed to similar dangers."

The King was moved, and embraced Miuccio with much warmth, and made him sit by his side. Oh, how jealous and angry was then the Queen; the varying color of her face plainly indicated the storm that was burning within her bosom, against poor Miuccio.

Not far from the castle there was a fearful dragon, who had been born simultaneously with the Queen. When her father had called together the astrologers, to explain this occurrence, they had told him that his daughter would ever be secure and live as long as the dragon was alive, but if

one died, the other must also die at the same moment. One thing only could then restore the Queen to life, namely, if her breast, her body and nostrils were anointed with the dragon's blood.

The Queen, who well knew the strength and cruelty of the beast, concluded to send Miuccio to him, fully convinced that the latter would be but a mouthful in the jaws of the monster, not more than a berry in the mouth of a black bear. The Queen, therefore, again appealed to the King, and said:

"Miuccio is undoubtedly the greatest pride and treasure of your house, and you would be ungrateful not to love him, especially since he has expresssd a desire to kill the dragon, who, although he is my brother, yet is your bitter enemy, and I love one lock of my husband's hair, more than a hundred brothers."

The King, who hated the dragon mortally, and knew not how to get him out of his path, quickly called Miuccio, and said:

"I know thou canst conquer and enchain all thou wilt; therefore, as thou hast already done so much for me, do me yet another favor, and then, thou canst go whichever way

thou mayest desire. Hasten and kill the dragon, and thou wilt do me a very great favor, for which I will duly reward thee."

When Miuccio heard these words, he very nearly lost his senses, and as soon as he had sufficiently recovered from his fright, to be able to speak, he said to the King: "And is this the headache which I am to cure? Is my life no better than the milk of a black goat, that you would waste it in this manner? This is not an order to execute as easy as the killing of a reptile, or a cat, or a dog, for this is a dragon, who can tear with his claws, stun with his head, crush with his tail, gnash with his teeth, and poison with his looks. Is this the sinecure you would give me, for having regained your kingdom for you? Who is the wretch to bring such foul play upon the tapis? Who is the fiend to instigate you to such demands, who whispers such tasks for me in your ears?"

The King, who was as light as a bubble in making promises, but firmer than a rock in his obstinacy, became very impatient, and stamping with his feet, he cried: "Have you done, have you done? What! after all that you have already accomplished, cannot you do this last? not another

word; you will either destroy the dragon, or I will slay you."

The unhappy Miuccio, who began to feel, that he was receiving promises and threats at the same time, that the King would fondle him at one moment, and strike him the next, would receive him now warmly and again coldly, saw how varying was court favor, and wished that he had never known the King. But as he knew that it is better to pull a lion's mane, than to contradict a powerful and obstinate man, he went away, cursing the fate which had brought him to court. Determined to end his days, he seated himself upon the steps bofore the door, holding his head between his knees, washing his shoes with his tears, and warming the ground with his sighs, when—behold—the bird appeared again, bearing a herb in his bill. This he threw to Miuccio, and said: "Arise, Miuccio, and take courage; thou shalt not end thy days either here or in the dragon's cave, but the dragon shall get the worse of it. Take this herb, and when you arrive at the dragon's den, throw it in. It will so overpower the monster with fatigue, that he will immediately fall into sound sleep, and then with a good knife you can soon cut him up to mincemeat.

Come, come cheer up, and all will go better than you imagine. Enough, I know what can be done; we have more time than money, and to have time is to have money and life."

When Miuccio heard this, he rose, provided himself with a good knife, took the herb, and proceeded to the dragon's cave, which was underneath a mountain of such height, that the three mountains called the Giant's Steps, did not reach half way up to it. When he arrived there, he threw the herb into the cave, and immediately the dragon fell into deep sleep, and Miuccio began to carve him.

Whilst he was thus cutting up the monster, the Queen began to feel that her heart was being cut, and as she now perceived, what she had brought upon herself, she regretted to have purchased her own death so cheaply. She called the King, her husband, told him that the astrologers had said, that her life depended upon that of the dragon, and that she feared Miuccio had already killed him, since she grew every moment more weak and faint. The King replied: "If you knew that the life of the dragon was the subsistence of your life, and the root of your days, why did you tell me to give Miuccio the order? Whose is the

fault? You alone have done the evil, and you must suffer for it; you have broken the hour-glass of your life and must pay for it."

The Queen replied: "I never thought that a single lad had the strength and agility to master an animal which could conquer an army; I thought that Miuccio would forfeit his life there; but since I made my reckoning without the host, and since the barque of my projects has lost its course, do me one favor if you still love me. When I am dead, take a sponge dipped in the blood of the dragon, and with it anoint all the extremities of my body, before you bury me."

"This request is a trifle compared with the love I feel for you," replied the King, "and if the blood of the dragon be not sufficient, I will take my own to satisfy you."

The Queen was about to thank him, but her breath left her, for at this very moment, Miuccio had killed the dragon.

He had scarcely informed the King of this deed, when the latter commanded him to return, and to bring him some of the dragon's blood; but as the King was curious to see the handiwork of Miuccio, he followed him. Miuccio

had scarcely left the palace, when the bird joined him again, and inquired whither he was going. Miuccio replied: "I go to where the King has sent me; for he keeps me going like a weaver's shuttle, backwards and forwards, and grants me no rest."

"And what are you to do now?" inquired the bird.

"Bring some of the dragon's blood," answered the other.

"Then," said the bird—"unhappy youth; this dragon's blood will be bad blood for thee, for it will prepare thy destruction; by this blood, the evil origin of all thy labors, she who continually exposes thee to new dangers in order to destroy thee, will gain a new life, and this King will again allow himself to be guided by this serpent, and command thee, even as if thou wert a culprit instead of a pure sprout of royalty, and his own descendant, to risk thy life for the attainment of impossibilities. But the unhappy man knows thee not, although the great affection he, at times, shows for thee is a certain sign of your consanguinity. But the services which thou hast already done him, and the advantage of having such an excellent heir to his kingdom, will yet induce him to let thy mother, the unfortunate Portiella, who has now

been fourteen years immured with all her beauty, find favor in his eyes."

Whilst the fairy was saying all this, the King, who had heard every word, approached nearer to hear still more, and when he found, that Miuccio was not only the son of the beautiful Portiella, but also his own, and that Portiella was still alive in her prison, he immediately gave orders to liberate her, and bring her before him. When he saw, that, through the care of the bird, she was even more beautiful than ever, he could not cease alternately to press mother and son to his heart, to ask their pardon for the bad treatment they had received, and for the dangers to which he had exposed them. He then let Portiella be dressed and adorned in the richest robes of the late Queen, and made her his wife. When the King learned, that her safety, the life of his son, and his preservation from so many dangers had been solely through the instrumentality of the bird, who had brought food to Portiella, and given advice and assistance to his son, he offered his life and his kingdom to the bird.

The fairy bird, however, replied, that she asked no other reward than to have Miuccio for her husband, and in an instant, the bird transformed herself into a beautiful maiden,

and became Miuccio's wife, to the greatest satisfaction of the King and Portiella.

After the dead Queen had been buried, the young couple were the happiest people on earth. But in order still to increase the festivities, they went to their own kingdom, where they had long been anxiously expected. Everybody of course knew, that the fairy deserved the credit for all this, and that she had repayed the kindness which Portiella had shown her; for to sum all up: *A good deed is never without its reward.*

# The Peperhawn.

# THE LEPERHAWN.

A LEGEND OF IRELAND.

THE "LEPERHAWN" is one of the GOOD PEOPLE or fairies, in whom many of the natives of Ireland place implicit belief. According to the received tradition, this sprite is brogue-maker to the rest of the Fay-fraternity, and it is when thus engaged, his whereabouts is discovered in the deep recesses of some tangled wood, his captor being led to the spot, by the sounds which proceed from the tapping of his little hammer, upon the sole of the little shoe he is at work upon. Once caught, it is in the power of his capturer to demand any amount of buried treasure, or if he choose, insist upon having the Leperhawn's purse: this holds but one gold piece, but possesses the magic power of replenishing itself as quickly as its contents are withdrawn. The little fairy is, however, no small trickster, and many

instances are on record of his cheating his temporary master, by giving, in lieu of the purse of gold, a worthless affair, enriched with only one copper coin, and void of all reproducing powers.

Other traditions invest the "good people's" brogue-maker with the power of removing personal defects, and bestowing good looks and grace in the place of deformity and awkwardness. The following Legend is one I have been familiar with, from childhood; I will relate it as nearly as my memory serves, in the language of the dear old woman from whom I first heard it.

"Is it belave in thim? Musha! thin av coorse I do! faith, why not! shure it's my own blessed grandmother hard what I'm goin' to till yez, from the father that owned her, and it's consarning his own grandfather he was spaking. You see, honey, be all accounts he was a little wee bit of a crock of a child, with a mighty fine brow, and sweet curlin' hair as black as a bad man's heart, and an eye that would lead a glow worrum asthray in a dark night, and take the love out of all that looked upon it in the bright day. But it's mighty ailin' he was from his birth, and the poor back of him was as twisted as the letter S itself! It's little he

minded it for many a long year, for he was beloved by his strappin' six feet brothers, and shure his father had ever the kind word for the *Daunchy* little thing, and as for his mother! oh, thin it's only a mother, and a mother's heart, knows the depth of its love for the child that bears the world's blight upon it!

"He'd winnin' ways wid him, had little PAUDEEN; there was the music of the wild birds in his sweet voice, and many and many a time, young and ould would listen to him singing the ould songs he liked, till the big tears would hang upon their cheeks, and their thanks would die upon their lips, and all they could give him for his pains whould be an unheard blessing, an' a gintle pat upon the head, whin they hurried away widout spaking, as if they feared to drive the sweet sounds from their ears, where they loved to keep them.

"Among the listeners, acushla! there was as I've hard tell, the purtyest crature that ever set foot on the green grass! faith, the sight of her cheeks would wither a rose-bud, and her teeth be the death of a lily itself. And who but ALEEN —that was the name, honey, she had upon her—who but her, was gone for ever in love with the twisted little

Paudeen. And this darlint, this was the way he found it out. Many and many a night he'd walk to the ould wood beyant his father's cabin, and sittin' him down at the fut of a favorite wild oak tree, sing by the hour all alone by himself. Well, who but Aleen knew this? and whose fut was it but hers, that left its small print on the dewy turf as she'd steal out to listen to his songs, not with her ears but heart, for there wasn't a word that came from his lips, or a sound that gave it birth, that didn't nestle snug in there, as a little bird under its mother's wing.

"Shure, there was wild bastes used to be prowlin' about in thim ould times; and one blessed night, Paudeen was roused, by a scream that would almost wake the dead, and shure, it's leaving him he thought the sinses of him was, or that he saw a ghost itself, whin, with a face pale as a white frost, Aleen rushed through the thick branches of the underwood, and fell like a dead angel at his feet. It's small time he had for lookin' at her just thin! for the left arm of him seemed bitten through and through wid red hot teeth. A wolf had closed its jaws upon that same. It wasn't long he enjoyed himself there, sucking better blood than ever had been in his blaggard body, for Paudeen drove the sharp

Paudeen saves Aleen's Life. (Page 122 )

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blade of his hunting-knife betwixt the ribs of the marauding thafe, and drove and drove, and cut and stabbed, till the brute fell dead on the bloody turf.

"It's little he thought of the loss of blood when he saw *who* he had lost it for, and from that moment the deep love he didn't know was in him, burst up in a blaze in his heart! and the thought of his crooked back, as he looked on the beautiful girl at his feet, made him shiver, as if a palsy had fallen upon his hopes.

"She thanked, she blest him in tones that might have made him know she loved him—but despair had blasted him, and when he left her at her father's house, the big tears burst from his eyes and saved his heart from breaking.

"It's an altered man he was, from that day; he shunned all his friends, his looks were haggard, and his eyes gleamed like burning coals, and morning, noon and night, it's away in the woods he was huntin' for the Leperhawn. Well, darlint, shure one fine day he hard the "tap, tap, tap," of the little hammer! Oh, how his blood tingled, and he held his breath, till he nearly choked himself, as he stole along to the place, the smallest noise made by the laste dry twig that snapped under his fut, sounded to his ears like a

clap of thunder, and he'd stop and listen as if his life depended on the next tap! He hard it again, and oh, think of his joy and fear, whin, within a yard of him, wid his back facing him, he saw the Leperhawn, hard at work. Wid the spring of a wild cat and the laugh of a madman, he grasped the little crature by the waist!

"'I have you, at last,' sez Paudeen.

"'First or last, you needent squeeze so tight,' sez the Leperhawn; 'what do you want?' sez he—'is it money?' sez he.

"'It is,' sez Paudeen; 'that and good looks.'

"'Faith, you're in need o' them, my fine fellow, at any rate,' sez the Leperhawn.

"'Don't be jokin',' sez Paudeen.

"'I'm in airnest,' sez the little brogue-maker. 'What do you want them for?'

"'To win Aleen's heart,' sez Paudeen.

"'You're a fool!' sez the Leperhawn.

"'Better manners,' sez the hunchback. 'I have you tight.'

"'True for you, you have, more tight than plisant—don't

be breaking the ribs aff av me—shure you'll get nothing by that.'

"'Don't you be impident, thin,' sez Paudeen, 'for you'll get nothing by *that*, so give me what I want.'

"'I will,' sez the little thing, after a pause. 'I will, for I like you. I knew you were comin', or you wouldn't have caught me. There's me purse, don't be doubting me, *it's the right one*—you can pour the bright gould out of it like runnin' water, and there,' sez he, touching Paudeen, wid his queer little hammer, 'now you're a changed man—but mind me, if Aleen likes you now, she is as false as a snow drift or a shiftin' sand. I'll see you here to-morrow, and if you wish, I'll change you back.'

"Paudeen had no time to thank the crature, before he was out o' sight. He rushed into the sunshine and saw by the shadow his form was changed, and his hump was gone. With a wild hurra, he bounded off to the lake, and almost fell, when he saw reflected in the sky's own lookin' glass, the handsome face and strong built form he had upon him. Did he walk, or did he fly—or was it lightnin' carried him to his darlin's roof? She was alone; he poured the gould at her feet; she started; he knelt to her; a faint scream

escaped her lips; he talked of love, and took her hand; she dashed him from her in scorn! There was a curl on her lip, a cloud upon her brow, and a quivering in her voice, as she called him 'a coward thus to press his suit.' She rushed from the cabin, and threw herself down at the foot of the tree where Paudeen saved her life, weeping the big tears, that are born in the depths of the heart.

"Paudeen felt as if the 'good people's' curse was on him; he stole to the place she had ran to, and there heard her, in spite of her sobs, whisper his name. It was enough! The truth flashed upon him, like the lightning's blaze in a black night. He saw the Leperhawn again! There was a merry smile on the little brogue-maker's face, as he asked:

"'Paudeen, darlin', will you stay as you are?'

"'Change me! in mercy, change me back!'

"'It's done,' says the little sprite. 'You loved truly and you've got what you deserve.' He stopped smilin' as he added wid something like sorrow, 'Paudeen, there is no gift the 'good people' can bestow, equal to what a mortal may possess—*a woman's honest love.* You've won it, be content; to *her* your blemishes are beauties. She sees you with the fond eyes of her trusting soul. She will share but

two spots on earth; and those will be *your home* while living, and *your grave* when dead!'

"The little Leperhawn vanished from the boy's sight. A few weeks after, the hunchback, Paudeen, was the husband of Aleen, and from that hour, darlin', he ceased repining; he put his trust in the good God that had made him, and when he died, he told his story, and left it to be told as a lesson for his children's children—that honesty of heart is better than handsomeness, and content beyant the price of gould"—with which moral, dear friend, I end this trifling sketch.

# Breeding Groschen, etc.

# THE BREEDING GROSCHEN,*

## AND THE BREEDING THALER.*

A LEGEND OF SAXONY.

Away in the very centre of Germany, in the kingdom of Saxony, there is a wild-looking, wood-covered mountain, called the Hartz Mountain. The highest point of this, and in fact the highest summit in all Germany, is called the "Brocken," and frequently the "Blocksberg." In all the legends of Germany, and in all its fairy tales and popular traditions, this "Brocken" plays a most important part, as the entire Hartz Mountain, but most especially the "Brocken," has, from time immemorial, been the residence of good and evil spirits, fairies, elves, and hobgoblins of every description. It is said that even to this day, every year, on the night of the first of May, Satan himself, and all the witches, magicians and evil spirits, meet at the highest point of this mountain, and there hold their

* *Groschen*—a German coin equal to two cents in value.

* *Thaler*—another German coin, worth about sixty cents.

revels. No inhabitant of the country, for more than fifty miles around, would venture to the mountain on that night.

A number of small towns and villages are scattered through the valley at the foot of the mountain.

Many years ago, there lived in one of the latter, a poor peasant, who had a wife and seven little children, who were all crying for bread and for warm clothes, for the climate in those mountainous districts is rough and cold, especially in the winter months.

The poor peasant worked all day and half the night. But all was in vain; he could not gain sufficient to satisfy the necessities of his little children and of his sick wife.

He then grew desperate, and determined to end his misery by a voluntary death, forgetting the wickedness of suicide, and forgetting that there is a life hereafter, and that there, sin is punished, and virtue rewarded. The peasant rushed from his house, and ran to a high and steep rock, called "*Ilsenstein*," determined to throw himself from this rock down the fearful precipice.

This Ilsenstein derives its name from an enchanted Princess, called the beautiful Ilse, of whom it is told, that she often descends from the top of this rock, where her castle

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A Suicide prevented (Page 133.)

once stood, and goes down to the mountain-stream, which is also called "the Ilse;" there she washes her face and neck, and dries herself with her long golden locks.

The poor peasant had reached the top of the rock, cast one more sad look to Heaven, and raised his foot, to leap over the precipice, when he felt himself suddenly held by the arm. He looked around and beheld a man of venerable appearance, who said:

"What wouldst thou do, most wretched man! Hast thou forgotten thy wife, and thy poor children? Shall they die in hunger and misery when thou art no more?—Come, take courage, trust in God, and there will be help for thee.

"Who can, who will help me?" said the peasant in a tone of bitterness.

"I will," replied the old man, and handed the other a groschen.

"Really," exclaimed the peasant, evidently intending to throw the present at the other's feet, "really, it becomes you ill, to make fun of a man's despair.

But quickly the old man interrupted him. "Hold, rash man! first examine the gift, and then judge."

"Well," said the peasant, with a sarcastic smile, "I

should really like to know what there is about this little coin, that I should examine it so closely!" and saying this, he turned the coin two or three times in his hand. But, oh, wonderful! as often as he turned it round, a new shilling, good current coin dropped from it. He gazed upon the old man in wonder and astonishment.

The latter said with a smile, "Well, THOMAS, what think you of that? Now go home with your breeding groschen, which was sent to you through me, from the Princess Ilse. As often as you turn it, a shilling will drop out; but observe, only as long as you need the money for your own and others *real* benefit; in the hands of the profligate, the avaricious, or the miser, the coin looses its magic power."

Who was happier than poor Thomas? He cast himself at the old man's feet, thanked him as best he could, and promised sincerely never to become hard-hearted, avaricious, or miserly.

The old man seemed to listen with pleasure to these promises; he gave him some more good advice, and then disappeared through the rocks.

Thomas, however, hastened joyfully home, manufactured

quickly as many shillings as he needed for the moment, and bought bread and clothes for his children, and medicines and strengthening food for his wife.

He soon had the pleasure to see his wife restored to health, and now, telling her all, he consulted with her, how they could use the power of their magic groschen to their best advantage.

The woman was a good and sensible person, and said: "Let us make shillings enough to buy a snug little house, a few acres of land, and a garden, a few head of cattle, and the necessary implements for labor. That will be enough for the present, and will, I think, be carrying out the intentions of the benevolent old man and the Princess Ilse. In a case of necessity we shall still have the breeding groschen in reserve—but I hope and trust, that we shall not again need its aid, for the bread we earn by honest labor is always the sweetest."

Thomas did as his wife had advised him, bought a little farm with everything appertaining to it, and heartily and willingly went to work.

And the blessings of the Lord seemed to rest upon his labor, for in a very few years, he was looked upon as a man

well to do in the world, and the poor, despised peasant was now honored and praised for his kindness and charity.

Thomas was flattered with all this, and became even more hospitable than before, and gave away three times as much. His wife remonstrated with him, and told him that people might be extravagant even in their gifts—but he replied angrily:

"Shall I become a miser, or a hard-hearted man?" and he continued to give away to everybody, without discretion and without measure.

But soon he began to perceive that his fortune could not long support such extravagance, and for the first time in many years, he again sought the aid of his magic groschen, He locked himself in his chamber, and began to turn it round and round. The breeding groschen, still possessed its former power, and at every turn, a shilling dropped from it. Soon a large pile of shillings lay before Thomas, but he thought, "since I am at it now, I will make up a good large sum, so that I need not come again in a hurry. And he turned, and turned, and turned the groschen all the day and all the night, and when day came again, he turned still,

and the money lay more than a foot deep in his chamber, and Thomas was still turning. Suddenly, however, he almost fainted away with fright, for all at once the groschen stopped breeding; once more he tried it; he turned it over and over again—but in vain, not another shilling appeared.

"For *to-day* this will, perhaps, be enough!" he said with a trembling voice—laid down upon the money, and endeavored to sleep a little. But he could not succeed,—a terrible fear had come over him. "What, if the groschen has stopped breeding forever!"—he murmured continually to himself, and cold perspiration ran down his forehead.

The sun was standing high in the heavens, when his wife, who had been absent on a visit for a few days, returned home, and was no little astonished at finding that her husband had not left his chamber yet. The door was locked on the inside; she knocked, but no one replied, and it was not opened to all her knocking and calling.

Then she was very much frightened, and had the door opened by force, but she sunk down with a cry of horror, at the sight that met her, and all others were equally horrified at what they beheld.

The whole room lay a foot deep, full of new shillings,

and on the top of them, pale and with open, glaring, deadly looking eyes, lay Thomas, grasping, convulsively, the breeding groschen in his right hand.

His wife rushed towards him, raised him up, and exclaimed: "Heavens! husband, what has happened?"

"Put the money away and to a safe place, so that none of it is lost nor stolen," was all the reply he uttered.

To quiet him, she promised to take good care of it, then put him to bed, and gave him some refreshment.

When they were alone, and he had in some measure recovered, he told her all that had happened.

"Alas! alas!" exclaimed the wife, "what have you done! Now the strength of the breeding groschen is gone. But let it be gone. The sum that is left is quite sufficient to keep us comfortably all our lives, if we are only industrious, and moderate in our expenditures."

"No, no!" exclaimed Thomas frantically; "don't be afraid, it is only for to-day—to-morrow it will breed again, it must. But let me sleep now." And he sunk into a heavy and restless sleep. Weeping bitterly, his wife left him, for well could she see what would next happen, and the anticipations of that were certainly not very gratifying.

Thomas now had a severe brain fever, and dreamed of all sorts of fiends and goblins. He got well again, but all animation, and all the pleasure he used to have in work, were gone; all day long he walked about, turning the breeding coin to the right and left, but with no success, for it produced not another cent.

"Then I will at least keep what I have," he now said, and from that hour he became miserly and avaricious, and tortured his wife and children, who had to starve with an abundance of money in the house.

"Alas! these are only groschen!" he would sigh as often as he looked at his money bags, "ah, if they were thalers, thalers! yes, thalers!" and then he would run out through the fields and forest, and would curse his benefactors, the old man, and Ilse.

One day, as he was in this way raving and roaming about the forest, there suddenly appeared before him a huntsman, with a wild, dark and sun-burned face.

"Which way, friend?" he said to Thomas.

"Out of the world, I care not!" was the sulky reply.

"Ho, ho," replied the other, laughingly—"ho, ho, that is going rather far; if you will take my advice, you will stay

in this world, which is a very good world, and has a cure for every evil, an antidote for every bane."

"None for mine," growled Thomas.

The huntsman looked sharply at him, and then said in a slow tone: "Then it must be your own fault, or that of your over delicate conscience. A smart fellow, like you, who has the courage to engage with anybody—no matter whom, if it is necessary—I say a smart fellow like you, must succeed in everything; if you will confide in me, I will promise you beforehand, that if I cannot help you myself, I can tell you a means by which you can help yourself."

Thomas, whose sole study had only one aim and end, and who would risk all and everything to gain that end, now told the huntsman, whilst they were proceeding deeper into the forest, his whole history.

The hunter smiled scornfully, and remarked, when Thomas had concluded:

"Oh, yes, I know all about Ilse and that stingy old man, and their groschen! Poor devil, how you must have worked! Why, it would have been better if you had jumped off the Ilse-rock!—a groschen! Pshaw—stuff! Here, just look at this fellow!" and with these words he

handed Thomas a bright, new thaler. Thomas took it greedily—turned it round, and behold, he had two thalers in his hand.

"Aha," now cried the hunter, "this fellow works better than your poor miserable groschen; and what enhances its value is, that its virtue is not restricted by stupid moral conditions. On the contrary, the more you work it, the faster it breeds. Well, would you like to win a thaler like this?"

"Would I!" exclaimed Thomas, greedily—"would I? only tell me how I can obtain one?"

"There is no other direct way of obtaining it," replied the hunter, "than by giving yourself to the *black* huntsman."

Thomas drew back in horror, and cried: "What say you?—to the *evil one?*"

"The *black* one, I have said, not the evil one."

"Did you gain your thaler in that way?"

"Certainly. Yet there is still another mode; and that is, if you can steal a breeding thaler from somebody else. Now, rich MICHEL, your neighbor, has one, and carries it day and night about with him underneath his jacket and nearest his heart."

"Then I will not be able to get it so easily."

"Of course not; and if he should be able afterwards to tell even one word about it—do you understand me—to tell a word, then you not only will fall into the devil's hands, but the breeding thaler also—and only in such a case loses its power."

"Fool!" muttered Thomas, and a fearful resolve ripened in his mind.

He walked along by the hunter's side, deeper and deeper into the forest. Suddenly the hunter stopped, and said: "Hush!" and kneeling down, he levelled his rifle at a deer which rested in the low wood close by. Thomas took a long knife out of his breast pocket.

A shot was heard—the deer fell, but at the same moment Thomas stuck his knife up to the handle into the other's back, and the hunter fell bleeding on the ground. A rattle in his throat, a few convulsions, and he expired without having uttered another word.

Quickly Thomas opened the other's coat, found the breeding thaler, and after he had cleaned his bloody knife in the sod, he fled from the forest.

On his way he examined the thaler, and found to his great

joy, that its magic power was unimpaired. True, a shudder and horrible fear came upon the murderer's soul, but he struggled with it, and only thought of the masses of money he soon expected to have.

When he arrived home, he heard bad news; his wife had accidentally fallen and injured herself, and now lay upon the point of death. She died towards evening, and his conscience bitterly reproached Thomas, as he stood by her death-bed. But his heart was so hardened, that he soon forgot her, even as he had already forgotten all humane feelings, and only when he sat in his cellar, and by the dim glimmer of a lamp, counted his thalers and added more to the piles he already possessed, he felt comparatively satisfied and well.

But often, whilst thus engaged, the bloody figure of the murdered huntsman would appear before his heated fancy—then, in fright and horror he would rush from the cellar, nor venture in again for several days—until his avarice would again vanquish his fears.

He no longer cared for his house nor family—had he not money enough—his children grew wild and worthless—

what cared he ?—he had money and could get as much more as he wanted, and that healed all his troubles and pains.

About a year had elapsed since the death of his wife, when he had, upon urgent business, to undertake a journey; with fear and trembling he left his money bags, and only took with him the breeding thaler, which as usual he had carefully hidden in his breast pocket.

He arrived safely at the place of his destination, closed his business to his satisfaction, and again got into his wagon to return home as quickly as possible.

But on the way he was suddenly attacked by robbers; they pulled him from the wagon, plundered that of its contents, and then began to search his person. In vain were all his prayers, all his assurances that he had nothing of value by him, the thieves searched and searched, until at last they found that thaler. One of the robbers turned it over in his hand, and behold, the magic power revealed itself at once.

"Oho!" cried the robbers triumphantly, "oho, a breeding thaler! That is the reason this old miser grew so rich; well, well, now go home, as quick as you can, or we will break your skull!" and amidst laughter and blows, they

drove him a short distance along the road, and then disappeared in the darkness of the forest.

More dead than alive, Thomas reached his home. Quickly he ran to his cellar—his money boxes and bags were all safe—but his principal treasure, his breeding thaler was gone forever, for he had not recognized any of the robbers, and they had probably left the neighborhood at once, for the robbery was a very bold and daring one, such as had never occurred there before. The police and soldiery, who, on Thomas' report, had been sent to search the forest, had not been able to discover a trace of them anywhere.

And now Thomas, with all his hoarded wealth, passed his days in misery and wretchedness; and as often as he saw his neighbor, the rich Michel, the open, happy and contented face of the latter doubled his discontent and bitterness.

"Yes, *he* can laugh," he would murmur to himself; "nobody has taken his breeding thaler away from him, and he can produce thalers as many as he likes."

Thus he nourished envy, malice and bitterness in his breast, until at last it changed to mad fury and bloodthirst.

"Am I not a fool!" he cried at last; "am I not a fool to worry myself in this way?" Why should not I obtain

that breeding thaler? Yes, I must and will have it—and if I have to murder Michel, what then? One has already fallen my victim, and I don't think Michel is any better than he was, though he professes to be as pious and honest, and gives charity to the rabble even as I once used to do."

He found an excuse to visit Michel, and closely observed all the localities of the house, and, above all, Michel's sleeping room.

"This very night it shall be done," he said to himself, as he walked home again.

Night came, and when everything in the village was quiet—when even the watchman was snoring at his post—Thomas crept softly to Michel's house, took a pane of glass out of the window, opened it, entered, and crept softly up stairs to Michel's bed-room. The latter slept peacefully and quietly.

"Devil, this fellow must have a strong mind," said Thomas, "that he can sleep at all, and sleep so *quietly;* I have not slept so, this many a day."

Softly he approached the bed. He would not kill Michel, if it could be avoided. But as he felt about the bed, in

search of the breeding thaler, Michel awoke, and exclaimed, "Who is there?"

Thomas was frightened; but now having no longer a choice, he quickly drew his knife and stabbed Michel to the heart. Without uttering a word, or even a groan, the latter sunk back upon the bed, and was dead.

Quickly now Thomas took the coin which Michel had carried by a ribbon around his neck, and hurried home as fast as his legs would carry him.

He reached his house unobservedly, and his first business now was to examine the coin. But horror, upon horror! "mocking, cheating fiend!" he exclaimed, as he saw it. It was no other than his own old breeding groschen, which he had carelessly thrown back into the Ilse after it had become worthless.

"Yes, the mockery of the fiend!" he suddenly heard behind him, with an unearthly laugh. He looked around, and his blood became cold as ice, for the murdered huntsman stood close by his side, grinning at him in triumph and contempt.

"Know me now, mortal worm!" he exclaimed, in a voice

of thunder,—"know me as thine evil spirit, whom thou shouldst have vanquished, but who is now alone thy lord and master. Thy measure is now full. Even then, when thou didst attack me from behind to murder me, thine was a deadly crime, although I had represented myself to thee as a criminal. But thou hast now also murdered the innocent Michel, who had wisely used the gift of the good spirit, and had done good and no wrong. His blood cries for vengeance, and I will fulfil it upon thee."

At these words, he took the trembling Thomas by the hair, and carried him on the wings of the night wind to the top of the "Ilsenstein."

"Look down here, look beneath thee!" he cried, holding the trembling peasant over the precipice—"look down, for here is thine end!"

And with a loud fiendish laugh, he hurled the wretched man down the abyss. His body and limbs were mangled and torn to pieces on the projecting rocks, and the stream beneath swept them away from the sight of man forever.

His children found the ill-gotten treasures in the cellar—but as their father had left them only money, and nothing

but money, it brought them no blessing. Several of them died in poverty and wretchedness; the others in crime and misery—for "it is only the parents' *love* and their *blessing* which builds the children's fortunes."

# Seppi.

# SEPPI,

## THE GOATHERD.

### A FAIRY TALE OF SWITZERLAND.

The mezereon and the mountain lilies bloomed upon the hills, and the wall-wort on the edge of the forest, or among the hedges which enclosed fields and gardens; and the Senners, that is the cow-herds and the goatherds, of the Puster-valley prepared for departure with their flocks to the beautiful pasture among the Alps. For miles, even before the droves of cattle came in sight, could the bells of the herds, and the merry lowing of the cows be heard, for Peter Saibel, the big senner alone, drove more than one hundred cows to the Alps. Slowly and with solemn mien, he headed the procession. In his hand he carried the long staff, and his hat and shoes were adorned with loops and rosettes of many-colored ribbons.

Close behind him, and, as it seemed, imitating him in grandeur and pride, followed the beauty of the herd, the queen cow, the victress of the cow fights which frequently take place in the high Alps. As a diadem, she wore an immense wreath of mountain flowers, and her large bell was suspended from her neck by an embroidered collar. Behind her came the other cows, all adorned with variegated ribbons, with wreaths, bouquets and merry bells; following these, came the keeper of the young cattle, with the calves and oxen; and lastly came Seppi, the goatherd, with his numberless flock of goats, a handsome and good boy of about fourteen years, with long blonde curls, a tall, well-formed figure, and so kind an expression of face, that every child in the valley was fond of him.

No one, at all the farm-houses which the imposing procession passed, paid much attention to the vain and stylish senner, who proudly strutted in front of his herd; but young and old had a smile and a friendly nod for Seppi, who looked extremely well in his red vest and clear white shirt-collar, and even the boys said to each other: "Just look, what a fine fellow our Seppi is! he will be the smartest man in the valley, when he once gets along in the world, and can

earn money enough to dress himself better. But just look at the senner; he looks like St. Stevens* in a cabbage garden!" and all laughed, and agreed with the speaker.

When the droves had reached the plains among the Alps, and the cattle quietly sought pasture, the herds divided, and Seppi with his goats came near a pretty large pond. The goatherd was tired of his long walk, and stretched himself among the high grass by the water edge, and although the sun still stood very high, it was cool by the water's side, and a gentle air rippled the waves, and the blue sky reflected its image back on the surface of the clear waters. Seppi always was happy at heart, though he was the poorest lad in the whole Puster-valley, but to-day he was especially happy, because spring had returned upon the beautiful green Alps, and our boy could now again take his herds to pasture upon the rich, blooming meadows. And for this reason he sang one merry song after the other, for the world and all around him, delighted him.

Suddenly, as he lay quietly in the high grass, he saw a light fog arise on the top of the waters, and the fog became thicker and thicker every moment. He closely watched this phenomenon, and observed a most lovely figure gradually

* A stupid, boorish fellow.

emerging from the fog as from a close veil. She wore a wreath of water lilies around her long black hair, a golden crown rested upon that, and in the midst of the crown, sparkled a large diamond. She was more beautiful than the picture of the Madonna in the forest chapel, which was the most beautiful thing Seppi had ever seen.

"I wonder if that is a lake fairy?" Seppi thought to himself, and had a great inclination to run away. But the beautiful lady beckoned him, and said: "Sing that beautiful song again, my boy, for that has called me hither, and I will richly reward you for it."

"Well," said Seppi to himself, as he lost all fear—"she speaks so kind and so friendly, and I think she is much too beautiful to do me any harm, as stupid people say that mermaids are apt to do." And he sung his song again and again, until the fairy signified that she was obliged to him, and had heard enough.

"I will now give you a cap full of gold sand; with that you can buy land, hire people and have as big a herd as your senner," she said. "Or perhaps you have another wish, which you want me to fulfill?"

"If you are a water fairy," replied Seppi, confidingly,

Seppi discovers the Fairy. (Page 156.)

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"I would rather that you showed me your sub-marine dominions; it must be very cool and beautiful beneath the blue waters."

"Give me your hand, then," said the fairy, who guided him across the water, and Seppi found to his astonishment that his feet remained perfectly dry; in the middle of the pond, she stopped, and touched the surface of the water with a small wand of whalebone; and the waves opened, and a broad staircase appeared, the steps of which were of pure crystal; the fairy conducted Seppi down the stairs, who wondered, whether down below there, he would find such beautiful green mats, and such handsome flowers as above, where the bright sun shone; and gladly would he have jumped down three or four steps at a time, in order to be quickly there. But this was not so easily done, for he seemed to have walked more than an hour already, and still the stairs appeared to have no end. But every moment the fairy seemed to him more beautiful, he loved her more and more, and it appeared as if all the light that shone around him, only came from her eyes, which were as blue as the horizon he loved to look upon. Her hand was as white as snow, and her nails looked like painted rose-leaves; her

small foot scarcely touched the ground, and lay like a lily in its sandal. Seppi could not cease looking at her, and he felt of a sudden, as if it would be the greatest misfortune that could happen to him, if he were compelled again to separate from her; for in all the world, as far as he had seen it, he had never seen anything as beautiful as the water fairy, and he required no other gift from her, than the permission to remain near her as long as he should live. And this he told her in all confidence, even before they had reached her domains; but though she listened to these words with a kindly smile, and gently smoothed his golden hair, she made no reply.

Then Seppi took courage, and said: "Did you not promise me, in payment for my songs, to fulfill my dearest wish? Now there will never be anything so dear to me as yourself, and therefore you must go with me to the beautiful green Alps, and always remain there with me."

"I dare not live by the light, or among men," answered the fairy sadly; "and cannot therefore grant you that wish, as much as I might desire to do so. But come first down to my dwelling, and you will find many other things worthy of your wish."

"If you dare not return to the light with me, no one shall prevent me from staying down below here with you. And that you may see that I am in earnest in my request, just have these stairs destroyed, as soon as we are down; for without you, I don't wish to return to the world."

"Only once every hundred years, and then only for one day, I may rise above the surface of the waters," said the fairy, "and no one but myself can conduct you back to your home. Therefore consider well what you desire; for I either lead you up this day before the sun goes down, or you must remain a hundred years here in the depths of the waters. And if I even would conduct you back, if afterwards you should change your mind, I should lose my life, as many of my sisters have done before me. When the first ray of the sun touches me before the century is past, I shall undergo a fearful transformation, which the greatest magician in the world cannot release me from. Therefore, I pray you, abandon your wish, which you may easily rue afterwards."

But Seppi only became more anxious and excited by this reply, and swore by all he held holy and dear, that he would remain with her as long as he lived. Then suddenly a high

portal opened before him, which lead to a large saloon, where many elfs were playing. A chandelier with more than a hundred branches was suspended from the ceiling, and burned blue, red, green, white, and yellow flames; these made the saloon look as bright as if the sun shone into it, and spread a delicious odor all around. Here, little lake elves were dancing, yonder small fairies were seated around a little table, eating diminutive sea-snails, which were most deliciously prepared. Anothet set were amusing themselves by playing at featherball, with a ball no bigger than a pea, and adorned with the most beautiful plumes of the humming-bird. Seppi would gladly have joined this play, but wherever he stepped, he drove the little people away, for he might have buried ten of them beneath his foot. And then his figure cast such a large shadow, that the company always sat in the dark, when he approached within a few steps of them, and they begged the fairy to protect them from that fearful giant, of whose thundering voice they were so much afraid.

Now Seppi was very much annoyed that he could not play and gambol with the silly little folks, and that he should appear such a fright to them. The fairy, who

observed that he was annoyed, conducted him to a sofa in a corner, and by a wink commanded her servants to bring all sorts of refreshments to her guest. And in large crystal bowls they brought sweet watermelons, and all sorts of beautifully-prepared fishes and crabs; in short, everything they had handy—and Seppi did full justice to the excellent fare, for he had eaten nothing all day. His master, moreover, was a very close and stingy man, and did not give his servants enough to eat. But although Seppi was very hungry, and had never enjoyed so splendid a table before, yet there was something wanting which even the fairy could not provide for him. There was no bread beneath the water; and although all the viands were excellent, they did not taste right to Seppi, since he had not the "staff of life," to which he had always been used.

"Now you see," said the beautiful fairy, sadly, "that you will miss many things below here, to which you were accustomed in the world above, and which, with all my power, I cannot provide for you. Why, why, would you stay here with me, when you liked it so well among mankind, and in your pure Alpine air?"

But Seppi consoled her, and said that he would willingly

miss all terrestrial enjoyments, to be allowed to remain with her, and even now he would again leave his home to follow her, if she were to bring him back to the upper world. Then her face beamed with joy and happiness. She now showed the boy her beautiful garden. There, on high espaliers, grew rare flowers of wonderful color, and fruits so large and beautiful, as Seppi had never seen them before. He asked the fairy, whether she would permit him to pluck some of these beautiful things, and she replied that everything in her whole kingdom was his, as well as her own. Then Seppi wanted to cull a beautiful rose, which hung heavy upon the stem, but when he took it into his hand, he found that it was only a work of art, cut from a red jewel, and that the green leaves were made of chrysoprase. It was the same case with the fruits; the great plums, which invited Seppi, were made of sapphire, the apples of rubies, the pears of agate and emerald; in short, all were made of jewels: but though they were beautiful and looked inviting, Seppi could not eat them. Then a shade of discontent passed over his face, for here he had seen happy children at play, and could not join them, or share their joys. He found the rarest fruits, but could not eat them; and with

the exception of the fairy, no one understood his language, or would reply to him. True, she was always near him, as Seppi had desired, and studied constantly to make him happy; but she could not succeed in it; nay, Seppi even began to be afraid of the wonderful things he saw everywhere around him, and the mysterious power of the fairy filled him with awe.

"I pray you," he said one day to her, "conduct me from the artificial garden, and from the splendid saloon, to some green meadow, where plain simple grass is growing, such as my goats eat: there I will again sing all my songs to you, all those songs you love so well."

Then the fairy sighed, for her kingdom consisted only of the great magic garden, and the beautiful saloon, and she could easily perceive that these two places did not suit her favorite. For not once since, had he sung so happily as at the time when he sat last by the side of the lake; and when he now, at the request of the fairy, sung one of his old melodies, it had no longer the happy, merry sound as of yore, for Seppi's heart was no more happy; on the contrary, he was sad, and languishing. And yet he was now so much better off, than at the time when he was but a poor goatherd, and

had to starve in the employ of the avaricious senner. What then ailed him? As he had wished, he was always, daily and hourly, by the beautiful fairy, who nursed and cherished him like a dear child. He dined every day off five courses, and from golden dishes, slept on a soft, luxurious bed and beneath a silken cover. And here, in the realms of fairy land, reigned an everlasting spring, and it never became night; but the flowers and fruits were only artificial, and the light was not that of the sun, but of thousands of lamps which hung upon the ceiling of the saloon, and against the crystal walls, and burned always. In the world above, no one had cared for poor Seppi, who had no parents or relatives, and his goats, at the utmost, used at times to lick his hands with their small lips. Now, the beautiful fairy kissed his forehead, played with his locks, and brought him new and beautiful presents every day. And with all this, Seppi became more sorrowful, day after day, and his merry eyes looked dim and sad; he would have almost given his life, to pass another hour by the pond where the fairy had met him, and he was constantly thinking of the clear bright sun, the blue ether, and the high grass, that grew so merrily upon earth, and so fast that he used to see, each morning,

what progress it had made during the night. In the fairy's empire, everything was beautiful beyond description, but he never could feel at home; he wanted so many things that he had been used to in the world above—his brown bread, the berries he used to pluck in the forest, even his goats, which were wont to come at his call.

"I really wish," he said to himself, "the fairy would sometimes leave me alone for a moment. I would, just for fun, go and see, whether I could find the crystal stairs by which I came down here. Only for curiosity—I would not ascend—for I am very well here, and the fairy is so kind to me, and loves me so much."

And just as if the fairy could read his thoughts, she said, on the following morning: "Seppi, I must leave you for a few hours! Try and pass your time, as best you can. When I come back, I expect to give you a joyful surprise." It was her intention, to swim as near as possible to the surface of the water, and to see, whether no child approached its neighborhood; then she would coax it to the edge of the lake, and quickly draw it down with her, so that her dear Seppi might have a human being near him, to cheer him up again.

Whilst she was thus waiting and hiding herself beneath the water lilies and large leaves that floated upon the pond, so that no ray of the sun could reach her, Seppi was walking about, torn by restlessness and discontent. He wanted to know whether that staircase was still standing, and secretly, like an evil conscience, he stole from the saloon. And behold, he found the crystal steps, which he had descended with the fairy, about a month ago, as he thought, and his heart beat loud with joy.

"Why did not the good fairy have these stairs torn down, as I begged of her? then these tempting thoughts would not have entered my head. But I will only ascend a little ways, to see whether I cannot discover the blue sky through the water," he said, as he ascended higher and higher.

But had not the fairy told him that he could not leave the place alone—that she must herself conduct him back to the light? True, but perhaps she only wanted to frighten him from the attempt; he could very easily convince himself; he only wanted to see whether he really could not emerge into the open air, and then he would quietly return to his place, and the fairy should never know anything of this attempt. No, he would never endanger the life of his

beautiful and kind friend, as little as he would leave her; for he well knew, how much she loved him, and that she would weep her clear blue eyes blind, if he were to desert her.

But as he thought so, he had already gained the last steps; and now all his good intentions suddenly were forgotten; he would and must again behold the beautiful green earth and the blue sky—and with all his strength, he pressed against the crystal ceiling, through which he had entered with the fairy, as through a door.

The fairy, who, as I have above related, was watching close by, for a child, now suddenly perceived her faithless favorite; she saw his danger, for he would immediately die, if he left her domains (whither he had gone of his own free will) alone; she saw that the door began to move, by the heavy pushes of Seppi, and forgot her own safety in her anxiety to save him. Quick as lightning she flew to his side, took him by the hand, and she herself opened the portal, so that Seppi in an instant was above the waters.

Greedily he breathed the fresh mountain air, that wafted across from the Alps—but alas!—a broad ray of the sun fell like melted gold through the opening of the portal upon the

poor fairy, and with a dying voice, she sighed aloud. Frightened, Seppi looked round towards her, and he saw, how the folds of the green veil she wore, turned into green leaves, her feet and golden sandals changed into yellow roots, and her tall, beautiful figure appeared as a reed-shrub above the water. And then the waves took Seppi, and carried him playfully to the shore; he rubbed his eyes, stretched out his arms towards the reed, which a few moments before had stood by his side, but which now raised its head in the middle of the pond, and reached its thin, trembling arms, languishingly towards the shore. A soft wail and a sigh passed through the reeds, and cut like a bitter reproach, poor Seppi's soul. He covered his face with his hands, and ran away, so as not to see that sad reed-shrub any more. Thus he finally reached the senner's cottage, which belonged to his master, Peter Saibel. There he found an old man, of whom he inquired for the senner.

"I am the senner," replied the other.

"But what has become of Peter Saibel?" asked Seppi in astonishment.

"Why, youngster, you must have been drinking," replied the old man; "the Saibel owned this senner's hut long

before me, and has been dead these eighty years. My father used to tell me the story about him, and about a young lad, and that both of them had disappeared on the same day, and that it was just on the day when the cattle were driven out for the first time in the spring. Peter's body was found by some of the mountaineers; but he had always been a loose character, and had, perhaps, stayed too long at the tavern; then he probably crossed a Harsch* and was lost. But the young lad, the goatherd, never was heard of again."

At first Seppi thought that the old man was crazy, but a yonng maiden came in, who seemed also to assert all that her father said. Eighty years, then, had passed, and this long time had seemed to him, whilst in the fairy's dominions, scarcely as many days. If he only had had a little more patience, a century would have been passed, and the beautiful fairy might have brought him back to the Alps, without losing her life in the attempt!

And now all joy for him was at an end, for he could no longer look upon the clear blue sky, with a pure heart and a clear conscience; for had he not become stained with guilt

* Frozen snow drifts between the mountains.

—did not the death of the beautiful fairy rest upon his mind? He no longer found joy in contemplating the mountains, and the valleys, or in the bright sunshine; all the day long he lay by the side of the lake, and listened to the sad sighing of the reeds. Nay, he once even passed a night there, in order to be as near as possible to the fairy. He then dreamed that he saw her again floating upon the water, as he had first beheld her, wrapped in a thin green veil of fog, and that she again, in all her beauty and loveliness, offered him her hand to conduct him down to her submarine palace. And he hastily arose to walk towards her, but no hand now held him above the water; he sank—and the cool waves closed over him. For a moment the mirror of the lake trembled and shook, and then it again became quiet and calm as before.

Seppi never again rose from the waters; and to this day a soft sighing and murmuring is heard through the reeds that grow in solitary lakes and ponds; and that is the endless sorrow of the poor transformed fairy, for her lost favorite.

Voor Petrus.

# POOR PETRUS.

## A FAIRY TALE OF HOLLAND

THERE was once a poor cowherd, who had a wife and fourteen children, and very little to feed them with. When the fifteenth child came into the world, he was greatly distressed, and at a loss for a godfather. He was walking thoughtfully along the street, wondering where or how he could get a good godfather for his newborn son, when he met a man dressed entirely in green.

"Whither are you going, friend," said the man in green, to the poor cowherd.

"I am looking for a godfather for my boy."

The man in green then told him, that he would be godfather if the parent would not object. There would then be three of them at the baptism, the father, the parson and himself. The father agreed, and they went straightway to church. When they came to the font, the stranger, instead

of touching the child's forehead, as is customary, imprinted three golden letters into its hand. These three letters signified that the child's name was *Petrus*, and that he was to be the richest merchant in Amsterdam.

Now, it so happened, that there was one already who was the richest merchant in Amsterdam, and who had no children, except one daughter. This man came to the poor cowherd, and told him that he had heard of a child, which was to be the richest merchant of Amsterdam, and begged him to let him take that child along with him. The herd, when he heard this, went to his wife and told her, that the richest merchant of Amsterdam had come to see them, and that he begged for the boy. After consulting with her, he returned to the merchant, and said: "We don't give our children away for nothing, as if they were young pups."

The merchant replied: "Well, I will give you fourteen hundred dollars, if you will sell it to me."

So the cowherd returned to his wife, and told her of this offer.

"Do it," she said to her husband, "for it is a good bargain. For five hundred dollars we will buy us a house—five hundred we will loan out on interest, and

upon four hundred we will live, with our remaining fourteen children."

The merchant paid the money, and took Petrus with him to Amsterdam. When he arrived there, his wife said to him: "Ah, what a beautiful boy! We will take him and educate him as our own child."

Then the merchant grew very angry, and said: "Hold your tongue about that brat. If you say another word about educating him, I will blow your brains out." He then went to a carpenter, and had a box made; he put Petrus into that, and threw it into the water. Petrus in his box floated on for a long while, until he came towards a large mill. A man was standing there by the water, washing corn. When he saw the box floating upon the water, he ran to get a long spear, and with that he managed to draw it ashore. When he opened it, and found a handsome, smiling little boy in it, he wondered what he should do with him, and whether it would not be better to pack him up again, and throw him back into the water. However, as he pitied the little fellow, he went to the mill to call the miller and his wife. When they saw the boy, they said: "We will keep him and bring him up, and be good to him."

They knew not what was the meaning of the three golden letters in the child's hand. The miller had also a boy of his own, and he sent the two to school together. Both happened to get the small-pox at the same time. The miller's son became very much marked with it, and grew very ugly, but Petrus remained as handsome as ever. In consequence of this, the miller and his wife cared very little for their own boy, but were very fond of Petrus. Petrus grew tall and handsome, but the miller's boy remained small and ugly.

About this time, the rich merchant of Amsterdam heard that the miller had found a boy, and had brought him up as his own. So he came to the mill, and when he discovered that the boy had the three golden letters, he said to the miller: "I wish to send a letter to Amsterdam, as I shall continue my journey as far as Paris; have you anybody that can take it for me, and I will pay him for the trouble."

Petrus, who wanted to visit Amsterdam, at once offered to take it. But the miller said, "no," fearing that some accident might befall him. But Petrus begged so earnestly to go, that he at last obtained permission. The miller said to him: "Go in God's name, but when you come to a

handsomely rewarded and highly honored. But very few of the young women would willingly agree to this trial of their virtue, as they feared that their minds were not pure and pious enough. Many of them were forced to the trial by their parents, who hoped to gain the promised reward, but all were equally unsuccessful.

At last, an old maid of sixty, a remnant of the old Christian times, came, and her bathing restored the virtue of the water. All the young maidens throughout the empire were glad of this, and delighted for two causes; first, that it was a very old and homely person, who proved the most virtuous, and secondly, that the ordeal existed no longer.

"My dear Petrus," said the Emperor, "to show you my gratitude, I will give you ten barrels of precious stones, and ten thousand men as a body guard."

With these Petrus reached Naples, and told the King the answer of Phœnix, respecting the tree. The remedy was tried, and soon the young branches began to sprout. The King presented Petrus with ten barrels of gold and ten thousand men as a body guard.

He next came to Navarra. Here, too, he told the reply of the bird Phœnix, which, being acted upon, had the desired

effect. The Princess became as beautiful as ever. The King, who had no gold, gave Petrus ten barrels of silver and ten thousand men as a body guard. Petrus now sent a courier ahead, to request his friends to meet him.

He brought all his wealth, showed the five feathers to his father-in-law, and told him all his adventures. The father-in-law, when he heard how much Petrus had gained, wanted to do the same. He went to Navarra, and enquired if they had any message for the bird Phœnix, then to Naples, Constantinople, &c., &c. When he came to the ferryman, old "fetch-over" left him behind in the boat, so that he could not again return, and Petrus was now the richest merchant in Amsterdam.

# The Picture of the Lord.

# THE PICTURE OF THE LORD.

A LEGEND OF ART.

MANY years ago, there lived in a small village, a poor widow, who had an only son called BENJAMIN. This son was well-beloved by all who knew him, for he was a very good, pious boy, and moreover, very handsome. Above all, however, the pastor of the village was fond of him, and instructed him in reading and writing, and even in Latin, just as he taught his own sons.

Benjamin was very attentive to his lessons, and progressed so well, that the good parson was willing to send him to college and even to the University. But as Benjamin grew older, it became evident, that he was born for a *painter*, since he could draw almost everything he saw, and without any instruction, and was so fond of this pursuit, that he forgot eating, drinking, and sleeping, over it.

About this time, it happened that a noble gentleman, who was just returning from Italy, passed through the village, and stopped at the parsonage, since the accommodations at the inn were not good enough for him.

The gentleman had a great many things to tell of foreign countries, especially, of mighty Rome; the greatest city in Italy, once the greatest in the world, and of the great and wondrous works of art, to be found there. Benjamin was a most excited and attentive listener, and frequently in a modest tone, asked a question of the strange gentleman, on subjects which he could not quite understand.

The stranger was pleased with the boy's modesty, and attention, and when the pastor showed him some of little Ben's drawings, he observed that it would be a sin, not to foster so fine a talent, and proposed to the pastor, to take Benjamin with him to the city, where he would place him with a celebrated painter, who would instruct him in the noble art, and that he himself would provide him, during his apprenticeship, with clothes and all other necessaries.

The parson as well as Benjamin's mother gladly accepted the proposal of the kind gentleman, and little Ben thus saw his warmest wish fulfilled at once. He departed with his

patron to the city, was received as a pupil, by an excellent painter, and soon progressed so much in his art, that all were astonished at his talent. With all this, he was still pious, pure and modest, and although he was possessed of proper courage and spirit, yet he avoided all intercourse with wild companions.

As he had thus reached his fifteenth year, he concluded to paint a picture, which should be an evidence of his talent, as also of his pure heart. Secretly, he therefore painted the image of the Saviour, at the moment when He pronounces the words: "Come all ye, who are heavy laden and oppressed, and I will comfort ye." When the picture was completed, he exhibited it publicly, and all came to see it, and were astonished at its beauty. When the King heard of it, he came to see the picture, and having seen it, requested the young artist to come to him. He then commanded that Benjamin should travel to Italy, at royal expense, there to perfect himself more and more in his beautiful art.

Meanwhile, Benjamin's mother had died, and had been buried in the village church, and her son had sent the money to defray all the expenses. Although she was dead,

the son had not forgotten his poor mother, but before going to Italy, he once more visited the village, and presented the parson with the beautiful picture of the Saviour, to hang it up in the church, in memory of his departed mother. This was done with great solemnity on the following Sunday, and Maria, the parson's daughter, who was of the same age as Benjamin, promised to the latter, that she would, every Sunday, hang a fresh wreath beneath the picture.

Benjamin now travelled to Italy, and arrived safely at Rome, where he arduously studied the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo, the two greatest artists of the world. He took these for his models, and soon his fame reached every country, and Kings and Emperors called him to their courts, and paid enormous sums in order to obtain works of his hands.

And now Benjamin lived in luxury, and his pure love of art was superseded by vanity and insatiable ambition. Still, as far as execution was concerned, his art rose yet higher and higher, but his thoughts and the subjects he chose, were no longer so simply grand, and pure as before. On the contrary, they became as his own life, luxurious, voluptuous, and flattering to the senses only, and gradually, more

and more, they deserted the path which points, by the noblest works of art, to a Supreme Being, who, in His goodness, has planted this appreciation in our breast.

At last, he no longer painted sacred scenes or objects, but pictures only, full of bitterness and mockery at men and manners; and as he possessed the art of painting vice in the most beautiful and tempting forms, he created most wonderful pictures, works which repulsed whilst they attracted, and *vice versa*, at the sight of which, all whose purity of soul was gone, (and these were unfortunately too many,) were greatly delighted, and lauded the artist for his deep study, his bold execution, and his thorough knowledge of the world. More and more numerous became the marks of distinction he received, still greater the prices paid for his works, but, in proportion, still more dissolute and wild were his own habits of life.

True, he often thought of the time when all had been different; and then deep and bitter sorrow overcame him, for he had to confess to himself, that all had been better in those days. He often resolved to leave his companions and the seductive country he lived in, to return to his dear native land, to his sweet little village, there to paint in peace, as

he once used to do. But soon he found, that the paradise once lost is not easily regained—and again the wild whirlpool of his present life tore him along.

When he lived in Rome, he had a friend, who had there done him many a favor, though he confessed himself that he was not rich. Benjamin, however, as he became rich, remembered his friend with gratitude, and sent for him to come to Naples, where he now lived. This friend especially excited him to continue upon the path which he had now chosen, since it produced wealth, fame, pleasure and joy, and laughed at his humors, as he called the better feelings of Benjamin, so long, that the latter became ashamed, and yielded to everything his friend proposed, till at last he became perfectly insatiable of pleasure.

But even this did not satisfy his friend, who led him on, farther and farther; and although Benjamin often shuddered when he glanced back at his past, and compared it with his present life, he could not do otherwise, for his friend had too closely entangled him with the allurements of vice.

Thus, it happened once, that he came to a church, and saw a lady of extraordinary beauty kneeling before the altar. The maiden was the betrothed of another young

artist, who painted as purely and piously as Benjamin had painted once upon a time.

The most violent love suddenly filled Benjamin's heart when he saw this maiden, and he wanted to marry her at once. When his friend perceived this, he remarked, that "this was not at all impossible; that Benjamin's wish might be fulfilled, since he was much handsomer and more celebrated than the young artist. He only required courage, and that courage which was not afraid of committing a small sin."

And Benjamin in his blindness was not afraid, but pursued the maiden with affectionate looks, letters and presents, until he induced her to break her pledge to her betrothed.

And now his false friend betrayed everything to the young artist, and one day when Benjamin was seated by the side of the maiden, her betrothed suddenly appeared through a side door, and run his sword through the bosom of the fair maiden. He then was about to attack Benjamin, but the latter, in his fury and excitement, drew a pistol and killed the other on the spot.

The noise had brought a number of people to the room,

and when they saw what had occurred, they were about to arrest Benjamin, and to throw him into prison. But Benjamin was very strong in his rage, overthrew them all, made his escape from the house and from the city, and hastened to seek refuge in a forest.

And suddenly his friend stood before him in the forest, and said with a bitter smile: "Why Benjamin, what are you doing here, in the lonely forest? Arise, and return to Naples! All await you there, and look anxiously for the return of the great artist."

"Tempter, devil!" exclaimed Benjamin.

"You have guessed rightly, friend," replied the other, "and I am only astonished that you did not know me before; but men are all alike; only when you stand upon the brink of the infernal regions, and cannot return again, you begin to discover the devil."

"Fiend, thou art deceiving thyself," exclaimed Benjamin; "I am not lost yet."

"You certainly are, without me!" said the other with a grin. "Your glory and fame are at an end, unless I assist you; for in the first place, the officers of justice are in pursuit of you, and in the next place, your health is so

undermined by your mode of life, that you can only survive a few months longer, in the regular course of nature. Listen, then; I have you *half* already, now be *wholly* mine, and I will give you *fame*, health, pleasure, and a long life. You shall live, until you are tired of living."

"No, no," said Benjamin, "still do I trust to the mercy of Heaven, and even if my life be lost, my everlasting soul shall not be. Hence, avaunt, fiend, tempter!"

And the tempter fled from him, and Benjamin, poor and unknown, wandered back to his native land. On the route he well observed that the fiend had spoken the truth, and that he could not live much longer, for his strength diminished daily.

It was a fine evening in spring, when at last he reached the end of his weary journey, and saw the lovely village where his picture of Christ hung in the church by his mother's tomb. As he first beheld the spire of that little village church beyond the well-known beach grove, he sank upon his knees, and wept, and thanked Heaven for having spared him thus far. He then arose, and whilst the vesper bells were ringing, he entered his dear native village.

His first walk was towards the church yard—the church door stood open, and he entered the house of the Lord.

Once again, after more than ten years, he stood upon that spot! although still a youth in years, yet near the end of his earthly career. There he stood, before the tomb of his mother, which soon was to receive him, also.

Opposite to him hung his picture of the Saviour, magically illuminated by the last rays of the sinking sun, and Benjamin felt now, that he had produced many a more artistical, but never a better painting, than that picture. Humbly he bowed his head and said: "Behold, oh Lord, I have returned—weary and heavy laden and with guilt—but thy mercy endureth forever." And he still prayed, and prayed, whilst the bells were ringing, and the branches of the holly, outside, were gently tapping against the church window.

And a young woman approached, and with her were two lovely children bearing wreaths of flowers, and a young man in clerical clothes was with them. The young woman took the children to the picture, lifted one after the other, and the little innocents hung their wreaths about the picture, and the mother arranged them afterwards

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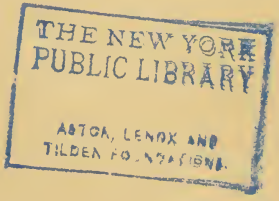
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The young man, however, when he observed Benjamin, who had sunk down exhausted upon a seat, approached him and said: "Peace be with you."

"Amen!" said Benjamin, with a look of deep gratitude.

"You are a stranger here," said the young clergyman.

"No, sir," was the reply. "I have been here before, but that was a long time since, and I have come a great distance lately. Is the old pastor still alive?"

"He has been gathered to his fathers! I am his successor and his son-in-law; yonder you see my wife and children."

Benjamin looked up and smiled.

The parson smiled also and said: "You must excuse them for not having noticed you sooner, for they are very busy at their last work for the week. Look at yonder picture of the Saviour, and you will confess that it is worthy the attention and veneration of good people. The artist who painted it is a native of this village. He and my Maria grew up together, and she was very fond of him. If he had remained here, I might, perhaps, have sought her hand in vain; but he went to Italy, is now a most celebrated

master, and has most probably, in his wealth and fortune forgotten Maria and this poor little village."

"Never, never," exclaimed Benjamin passionately.

'What ails you?" cried the pastor, greatly startled at the energy and impetuosity of the exclamation.

Meanwhile Maria and her children had concluded their task, and now also approached the stranger.

"Who is that strange, pale young man?" she inquired in a low tone of her husband.

Then Benjamin suddenly raised his head, looked smilingly into her face, and said: "You were faithful to your promise, Maria; accept my thanks, and when I shall rest with my poor mother, let these two angels wind wreaths around my grave, as they do around my early work, yonder."

Then Maria suddenly recognized him, and with a scream, and the exclamation, "Father of Heaven, this is Benjamin!" she sunk upon his breast.

But Benjamin smiled a happy yet unearthly smile: "The Lord has forgiven me," he said, "and thou, Maria, wilt bear me witness!" He sighed again, and with a gentle smile upon his lips, he passed into the regions where alone his early pictures could obtain their inspiration from.

As he had requested, he was placed in the tomb by the side of his mother, and Maria and her husband and her children, as long as they lived, never failed to adorn it with flowers.

High in the ranks of arts, his name lives to the present day, and many, very many students seek to imitate that style which robbed him of his happiness, and destroyed him, whilst he was still a youth.

Perhaps none among all his imitators, understand him rightly, and very few know aught about his best, his master work:—"THE PICTURE OF THE LORD."

# Ilija, the Muromian.

# ILIJA, THE MUROMIAN.

A RUSSIAN LEGEND.

In the celebrated town of Murom, in the parish of Karatscharoma, there lived a peasant of the name of Iwan Timofejewitsch, who had a much beloved son, called Ilija, the Muromian. This son had always to be seated, for he could not use his feet for thirty years; but then he suddenly became well, began to walk, and felt himself endowed with the strength of a giant. He then made himself armor and a lance of steel, saddled his war-horse and asked his parents for their blessing: "My noble father and my dear mother, permit me to leave you, that I may visit the renowned city of Kiew, there to pray to God, and to pay my respects to the prince of Kiew."

His father and his mother gave him their blessing, bound him by a heavy oath, and said: "Go straightway to the

town of Kiew, through the town of Tschernighof which is on the way, and beware of doing wrong upon the road, and never shed Christian blood in vain."

Ilija, the Muromian, received the blessing of his parents and prayed to God. Then he took leave of them, commenced his journey, and penetrated far, far into a dark forest, until he came to a robber's camp. As soon as the robbers saw Ilija, the Muromian, their hearts were filled with a burning desire for his warlike horse, and they said to each other: "Let us take this horse, for it is prettier than any we have seen; why should a strange man, like this, sit upon so fine a horse?" And thus five and twenty of them concluded to attack and rob Ilija, the Muromian.

Ilija, the Muromian, reined in his horse, and taking from his quiver a dry arrow, put it upon the bow, and sent it thence with such force into the ground, that it tore up the earth three yards in width. On perceiving this, the robbers were filled with terror, and forming a circle, fell upon their knees, and said: "Great master and father, most valiant and good youth, we acknowledge ourselves guilty before you; forgive us and take as many treasures as you please, and as many variegated dresses and herds of horses as you like."

Ilija smiled and said: "What am I to do with your treasures? but if you wish to preserve your lives, make no more attempts like this in future."

And he pursued his way towards the celebrated town of Kiew, and arrived in the neighborhood of the town of Tschernighof, and this town of Tschernighof was besieged by an army of heathens, so numerous, that it was impossible to count them; and they intended to destroy the town, to blow up the churches, and to carry the Prince and Wojewode of Tschernighof himself into slavery.

At this sight, Ilija, the Muromian, became frightened, but placing his trust in the assistance of the Almighty, he resolved to sacrifice his life for the Christian religion. And he began to beat the infidels with his javelin, dispersed the whole army, captured the Prince of the heathens, and took him into the town of Tschernighof, where he was met by the citizens, headed by the Prince and Wojewode of Tschernighof himself. They expressed their gratitude, and together with him, returned thanks to God, for delivering the town and not permitting its destruction by such an army of infidels.

They took Ilija, the Muromian, to the palace, prepared a

great banquet, and, after feasting him, permitted him to continue his journey.

They conducted Ilija, the Muromian, to the most direct road, which led to Kiew, and which for thirty years had been invested by the robber Nightingale, who killed every passer by, horseman and pedestrian, not by means of arms, but by his horrible whistling.

Ilija, the Muromian, reached the open fields and rode towards the Brianksian forest, which he saw at a distance, across marshes and bridges of guelder rosewood, to the river Sinarodienka. The robber Nightingale, however, had secret misgivings of his approaching doom, and when Ilija, the Muromian, was yet twenty wersts distant, he began to whistle so loud and horrible that it resounded far and near.

But the heroic youth was not to be frightened thus. When he was at the distance of ten wersts, the robber whistled so loud, that the horse under Ilija, the Muromian, fell upon its knees.

At last Ilija, the Muromian, reached the robber's nest, which was built upon twelve oaks; and when Nightingale perceived the Russian hero, he whistled with all his might, and attempted thus to kill him. But Ilija, the Muromian,

took his bow, put a dry arrow upon it, and shot right into the robber's nest and hit Nightingale in the right eye. The robber fell down from his nest like a sheaf of oats.

Ilija, the Muromian, raised the robber from the ground, bound him to his stirrups, and rode towards the celebrated town of Kiew.

On his way he came to the palace of the robber Nightingale, and as he passed it, the daughters of the robber were looking out of the open windows. Suddenly the younger one cried: "Oh, see, there comes our father and brings a peasant, bound to his stirrup."

But the elder sister looked somewhat closer and began to weep bitterly. "This is not our father. Do not permit such disgrace to fall upon our family."

The husbands of these daughters were valiant knights and had good lances and horses, and they rode out to meet the Russian knight, and intended to slay him.

The robber Nightingale saw them, and said: "My dear sons, do not disgrace yourselves, nor offend this brave knight, if you do not wish to be killed. Rather invite him to honor your house with his presence and to drink a glass of brandy with you."

They asked Ilija to enter the palace, and the latter consented, without suspecting any treachery; but the elder daughter had by a chain drawn up a beam over the door, in order to slay him, as he passed through the gate. Ilija, however, fortunately observed her, and struck her with his lance, till she was dead.

He then rode to Kiew, and went direct to the palace, where he prayed to God, and paid his respects to the Prince.

The Prince of Kiew asked him: Tell me, good youth, what is your name and whence do you come?"

"I am called *Iljuschka*, my gracious lord, and after my father *Iwanov;* my birth-place is the village *Karatscharowa*, belonging to the town of *Murom*."

The Prince then asked him, what road he had taken.

"From Murom I went to Tschernighof, put an innumerable army of heathens to flight, and delivered the town; thence I continued my journey and captured, by the way, that mighty warrior, the robber Nightingale, whom I have brought with me, bound to my stirrups."

Then the Prince became enraged, and said: "Why do you wish to deceive me?"

On hearing this, two brave knights of his court, *Alescha Papowitsch* and *Dobrinja Nikititsch*, left the room, to satisfy themselves that Ilija had spoken the truth; and they returned and confirmed what he had stated.

Upon this the Prince commanded them to give the good youth a glass of brandy, expressing at the same time a wish to hear the robber whistle.

Ilija, the Muromian, now took the Prince and Princess under his arms, covering them with his sable robe, and commanded the robber Nightingale to whistle softly; but he whistled very loud, and stunned all the knights, that they fell to the ground.

At this Ilija, the Muromian, became so enraged, that he killed him upon the spot.

He then fraternized with Dobrinja Nikititsch, and very soon they were as intimate as brothers in reality. One day they saddled their good horses, rode away, and travelled for three months, without meeting with any adventures.

At last they found a cripple, who was begging. His cloak weighed fifty puds,* and his hat nine puds, and his crutch was a fathom long. And Ilija, the Muromian, was

* A Russian weight of forty pounds.

about to attack him, in order to try his strength, when the cripple suddenly cried: "Oh, Ilija, of Murom, have you forgotten how we were at school together, and learned to read; and now you wish to attack a poor cripple as if he were an enemy? And do you not know, that there is great misery in the celebrated town of Kiew? An infidel knight, a wicked heathen, has arrived there; his head is as big as a beer cauldron, his eyebrows are a span distant from each other, and he measures a fathom from shoulder to shoulder. He eats an entire ox at one meal, and drinks a whole cauldron of beer to it. The Prince is exceedingly grieved at your absence.

And Ilija, the Muromian, put on the clothes of the cripple, hastened to Kiew, went direct to the palace and cried as loud as he could. "Hallo, Prince of Kiew, send some alms to the cripple!"

As soon as the Prince saw him, he said: "Come in, I will give you to eat and to drink, and present you with money for your journey."

And the cripple entered the room and sat down by the stove. The idolater also sat there and demanded something

to eat. They brought him an entire roasted ox, and he eat it up, and did not even leave a single bone.

He then asked for something to drink, and twenty-seven men brought him a cauldron of beer. He took it by the handle and emptied it at a draught.

Upon this Ilija, the Muromian, said: "My father once owned a greedy mare, which ate so much, that she died."

On hearing this, the idolater became enraged, and said: "Why do you wish to provoke me, you miserable cripple? You are a pigmy to me. I can put you upon my flat hand, and press with the other, and there will be nothing left of you but a little moisture. You have had a great hero, Ilija, the Muromian; I should like to fight with him."

"Here he is," said the cripple, and he struck the other with his hat, not too hard, but enough to send the idolater's head through the wall. Ilija then took the trunk and threw it down into the yard. At this the Prince was delighted, gave him many rich presents, and kept him at his court as the first, most honored, and most valiant knight.

# The Transformations.

# THE TRANSFORMATIONS.

A LEGEND OF ANCIENT GREECE.

ONCE upon a time,—thus LUCIOS tells his own story—I travelled from Patras to Thessaly, where I had some business to transact with a native of that country. A good horse bore me, and my baggage and a servant followed me. After I had travelled for some time upon the highway, I met several persons who were going to Hypate, and who told me, that they resided there. I joined these people, and we lived together during our journey, which we brought to a happy termination. As we approached the town, I asked the Thessalians whether they knew a man called HIPPARCHOS, who lived at Hypate, and told them, that I had letters to deliver to him, and that I intended to stay at his house.

"We know him," they replied, as they named to me the part of the town where he lived; "he is a very rich, but

most stingy man, and his wife and maid servant compose the entire household." Beneath the walls of the city, I soon found a garden and a neat little house, and learned that this was the residence of Hipparchos. My fellow travellers bade me farewell, and pursued their journey, whilst I walked towards the house of my host. Here I knocked, and after I had had a great deal of trouble to make myself heard within, a woman opened the door, as I asked her whether Hipparchos was at home.

"Yes," she replied, "but who are you, and what would you with him?"

"I bring a letter for him, from the Sophist Decrianos, of Patara," I replied.

"Then wait here," she said, and closing the door, let me wait without. But a moment after, she returned and begged me to enter. I obeyed, greeted Hipparchos, and delivered to him the letter with which I had been charged. He was preparing to take his evening repast, and lay upon a small and narrow couch; his wife was seated by his side, and before them stood a little table, but there was not yet any food upon it. He had scarcely read the letter, when he said:

"Decrianos is my intimate friend, and is among all Greeks, the man whom I esteem most; I am very grateful to him, for the confidence he shows in thus sending his friends to me. This house is small, Lucios," he continued, "but your presence makes it appear greater, and if you will exercise a little indulgence, I hope that you will live here with some comfort."

He then called his little serving maid, who was called PALAESTRA, and said to her:

"Conduct the stranger into a chamber and carry his luggage after him, and then bring him to a bath, for he is weary from his journey."

Palaestra conducted me at once into a small and comfortable apartment.

"Here," she said, "is the couch on which you may rest, and I will put another by its side for your servant, and put a pillow upon it."

I then went to the bath, but first gave Palaestra some money, wherewith to buy a measure of barley for my horse; and she carried my luggage into my room. After bathing, I returned to the chamber which Hipparchos occupied, who immediately requested me to be seated by his side. The

evening meal was excellent, and the wine old and of fine flavor. After supper we drank and talked a long time, even as it is customary between travellers and their hosts. At last, after having thus passed a pleasant evening, we went to bed.

On the following morning Hipparchos asked me what were my intentions, and whether it was my plan to take up my residence in his town.

"I shall go to Larissa," I replied, "and do not think that I can remain here longer than three or five days."

This reply was a deception, for I intended to remain in Hypate, until I should find one of those women versed in magic arts, who could show me some extraordinary things, such as a man changed into a bird or a statue. Full of the desire to behold such a spectacle, I walked one day through the streets of the city, scarcely knowing whom I should address, when a woman, apparently young, approached me. To judge by her appearance, she seemed to be of rank. She wore embroidered dresses, much jewelry, and several slaves followed her steps. When I arrived near enough, she addressed me—I replied—and thus began a conversation between us.

"My name is ABROIA," she said, "and I am one of the dearest friends of your mother, and therefore love you, as if you were my own son; why did you not come and lodge at my house."

"I thank you a thousand times for your kind offer," I replied; "but I cannot leave the house of the friend who has received me with hospitality, and against whom I know no evil; but my heart will remain there, where you are."

"And at whose house do you tarry?" she now inquired.

"At the house of Hipparchos?"

"How? at the rich miser's?"

"Do not give him so bad a name, most beautiful of women," I said, "for he has received me so kindly, and treated me with such liberality, that I would rather believe him a spendthrift than a miser."

Then she laughed, took my hand, and leading me to one side, said to me:

"Beware of the wife of Hipparchos, for she is a fearful witch, who quickly avenges herself, by means of her evil arts, on every one who disobeys her. She has already changed many into beasts, and has killed others. With a stranger this is easily done."

From these speeches I learned that the object of my search was in the very house I lodged, and consequently within my reach; therefore I paid no further attention to the remainder of the woman's discourse. I left Abroia, and, on walking home, indulged in the following soliloquy:

"Courage, Lucios, here is an opportunity of enjoying the spectacle for which thou art so anxious; awake now, and seek the means to learn this wonderful art, which will reveal all thou seekest to know. Beware of the wife, but seek to learn it through Palaestra; you can easily bribe her, and learn from her all that is necessary, for servants usually know the good, as well as the evil qualities of their masters."

By the aid of money and kindness, I soon succeeded in gaining the favor of the servant, and said to her one day:

"My dear Palaestra, do let me some time see your mistress at her incantations, or other magical work. I have long endeavored to behold something of that kind. Or perhaps you have some experience in those arts yourself; if so, pray show me some of your performances."

"What an idea," she replied; "why I cannot even read. True, my mistress has the reputation of being a great

magician, and whenever I find an opportunity, you shall observe some of her transformations?"

A few days afterwards, she informed me that her mistress would change herself into a bird, and she conducted me to a crack in the wall, through which I could see everything that happened in the chamber of Hipparchos' wife. She undressed herself, threw two grains of incense into the lamp, and standing before it, murmured a few sentences; she then opened a box which contained several vessels, and took out one of these. I know not what were the contents, but it seemed to be oil with which she anointed her whole body. Soon wings grew from her shoulders, her nose became crooked and hard like the beak of a bird, and in a short time she was changed into an owl. Soon as she was covered with feathers, she began to screech just like an owl, and flapping her wings, flew out of the window.

At first I believed that all I had seen had been a dream, and rubbed my eyes to convince myself that I was really awake. I now begged Palaestra to give me also wings, to rub me with the wonderful oil, and to let me fly. I wanted to see whether the transformation into a bird was only bodily, or whether it extended even to the mind. Quickly Palaestra

opened the room, took one of the small vessels, and I immediately anointed my body all over. Alas, it was not a bird into which I found myself changed. I observed a long tail growing out of my body; my nails disappeared, all but four, and these four became hoofs, like those of a beast of burden; my ears grew long, my face changed; in short, as I looked upon myself, I found that I had become an ass. I wanted to reproach Palaestra, but found that I no longer had a voice. I elongated my lower lip, and looking upwards, as donkeys sometimes do, and expressed, as best I could, my indignation at being changed into this despised quadruped, instead of a bird.

Palaestra wrung her hands and exclaimed: "Oh, ye gods, what a stupid thing have I done; my great hurry and anxiety have been the cause of my taking the wrong vessel. But console yourself, as the evil can easily be remedied; for as soon as you shall eat roses, the ass disappears, and the human form returns. Only to-night, you will have to remain in this skin. At daybreak, to-morrow, I will pluck some roses for you, which you may eat and become a man again."

And now I really had the perfect form of a donkey; but

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as far as the mind was concerned, I was still the same Lucios, except in regard to speaking. I could think, but could not express my thoughts. Whilst I inwardly reproached Palaestra for her carelessness, I went to the stable, where was my horse and a real ass, the property of Hipparchos. When these two perceived me, they feared that I wanted to take part of their hay, and laying back their ears, they began to defend their food by kicking me. Carefully withdrawing to a corner of the stable, I had a hearty laugh, but my laugh was nothing but the braying of an ass. I then grew thoughtful and said to myself:

"Thus am I punished for my untimely curiosity. What am I to do, if a wolf or another wild beast enters here? I am in danger of being torn to pieces, without having done any harm." Such were my meditations, for I mentally anticipated the misery that awaited me.

The night was pretty well advanced, the deepest silence reigned, and sleep exercised its magic power, when I heard some strokes against the outer walls, as if men were at work breaking through it. And such was really the case. A hole had already been made, and suddenly a man entered through it, and a number of others followed immediately

after him. All had swords in their hands, entered the rooms, fettered Hipparchos, Palaestra and my servant, plundered the house, carried the money, furniture and vessels with them, and left nothing behind. Then they took me, the other ass and my horse, and loaded all the goods upon us. Although we almost broke down beneath the weight, still they beat us with clubs, and drove us over impassible roads towards the mountains, where they sought refuge. I cannot possibly say what the other beasts may have suffered, but I, who was not used to walk barefooted, was almost killed by the sharp rocks upon the road, and beneath the load which I had to carry. I stumbled every moment, but was not allowed to lie down, for one of the thieves was continually beating my shins with his club. Several times I wanted to exclaim, "Oh, Cæsar," but I only brayed and could not pronounce the words. And then they beat me more severely, since my braying might betray them. At last, as I observed that I uttered entirely different sounds from what I intended, I concluded not to say another word, but to trot on, and at least avoid the additional beating.

Day began to dawn, and we had already crossed several mountains. They had muzzled us, so that we should not

detain them, by grazing on the road. I found myself, therefore, compelled to be patient, and to remain an ass. When it was day we stopped at a small farmhouse, where resided some friends of the thieves; at least they appeared such, from their manner of greeting them. They invited the thieves to remain and rest themselves, and gave them their morning meal; to me and my companions they brought barley. My companions ate this with a great deal of appetite, but I was near dying of hunger at such a meal, for I had never yet eaten raw barley. I looked round everywhere for something to satisfy my hunger, and at last discovered a garden at the end of the yard, and plenty of fine vegetables and fruits growing there. I even saw roses at the other end of the garden. Availing myself of the moment when my masters were busy at their own meal, I hurried to the garden to eat some of the raw vegetables, as also to get some of the roses. I was convinced that I would regain my former form, the instant I should have eaten some of those flowers.

I consequently proceeded to the garden, and filled my stomach with salad, turnips and other vegetables, such as men can eat, without their being cooked; the roses

however, were not real roses, but the flowers of the wild laurel, sometimes called rose-laurel. For an ass or a horse, this would have been a poor meal, but to me it was delightful.

Meanwhile the gardener perceived me, took a stout stick, and came to the garden. Like an outraged proprietor, who has caught a thief, this cruel gardener showered blows upon me. Not satisfied with beating my ribs and my legs, he even beat my ears and my face. Enraged at this, I gave him a kick, which sent him backwards in among his cabbage beds, and then I fled towards the neighboring mountains.

When the gardener saw that I was about to make my escape, he cried aloud, for the dogs to be set upon me. There was a great number of the latter, and they were strong and trained for bear fighting. If they caught me, I knew well that they would tear me to pieces; I therefore thought best to turn back of my own accord, and face the enemy. Those who had let the dogs loose, on seeing me return, secured them again to their chains, but they did not stop beating me, even after I had fallen to the ground with pain and exhaustion.

When it was time to resume our journey, I was laden

with a great part of the heaviest burdens. But I could go no further; I would have died, beneath the weight and the blows. I therefore determined to throw myself upon the ground, and not to rise again, though they should beat me to death. I now flattered myself, with the hope that this plan would be very beneficial in its consequences, for I believed, that they would yield to my obstinacy, and divide my burthen between the horse and the other ass, and leave me for the rapacity of the wolves. But a jealous demon soon discovered my plans, and spoiled them entirely. The other donkey, who had probably taken a similar resolution, fell right upon the road; at first the thieves attempted to force him up, by beating him severely with their clubs. Then they took hold of his ears and his tail, but they could not bring him upon his legs. When they saw that they could not succeed, they concluded to lose no more time and trouble over a dead ass, but divided his burthen between the horse and me. Then they took the unfortunate companion of my misery, cut the arteries and muscles of his legs, and then, whilst he was still alive, they cast him over a precipice, where he was dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

When I saw in the fate of my comrade, what would have

been the result of my plan, I concluded to bear my misery as best I could, and to travel patiently along, in hopes soon to be able to find roses, and to obtain my former shape again; moreover, I heard the robbers say, that they would reach their home before night, which somewhat encouraged me. I hastened my steps, and as they had predicted, we reached the place before evening. An old woman who was seated before a good fire, was awaiting their return. They stowed away all their plunder in the interior of the house, and then asked the old woman, what she had prepared for their supper.

"Everything is ready," she replied. "I have provided bread, game and old wine." They now praised her attention, and retired to other apartments to take a bath.

Soon after this, some youths came in and brought vessels, mostly of gold and silver, clothing and many trinkets, mostly of great value. This was another part of the band, and these also stowed away their spoils, and took a bath as the others had done. Soon a very excellent meal was served up, and now the conversation of these villains became very noisy. Meanwhile the old woman brought a measure of barley to the horse and myself; the horse fearing that I

wanted to share the food with him, ate very fast; but as soon as the old woman was out of sight, I stole one of the loaves of bread that were in the room.

Three days after this, the robbers again left the house to go upon an expedition, and left only the old woman and a young man behind. The carefulness with which I was guarded, had almost driven me to despair. I could easily have managed the old woman, and could have escaped, but the young man was strong, watched me closely, had always a sword in his hand, and locked the door whenever he left me. In less than three days, the robbers returned about midnight. They brought neither gold nor silver, but a maiden of surpassing beauty. She wept, tore her clothes, and pulled her hair out by the roots. The villains gave her a cushion to sit down upon, requested her to be quiet, and ordered the old woman to keep a watch upon her.

The maiden would take no food, but wept bitterly, and continued to tear her hair, so that I felt deep pity for her, and wept with her. Meanwhile the robbers were feasting in another room.

On the following morning, one of their spies reported that a stranger, who had a great deal of money with him, must

pass the neighboring highway. They quickly arose, took their arms, and put pack-saddles upon the horse and me, and took us with them. When I observed that they were taking us to battle with the travellers, I was frightened, and walked very slowly; but the thieves, who were anxious to proceed, beat me with clubs. When we finally had reached the road which the stranger had to pass, the robbers attacked his wagon, killed him and all his servants, took all the valuables, and loaded them upon mine and the horse's backs, and then, hiding the rest of the spoils in the forest, they returned home. Driven by their clubs, I accidentally struck my foot upon a sharp stone, and wounded it most severely. I now had to walk lame. When the thieves saw this, they said to each other:

"Why should we feed such a wretched ass, who cannot walk a step without falling. We will throw that bird of ill omen down the abyss."

"Yes," remarked another, "let us sacrifice him to the gods that protect our band."

They now made preparations to despatch me from this world, but when I had learned their resolution, I walked the

rest of the way as upon a strange wound, for the fear of death had made me insensible to the pain.

Arrived at home, the robbers took the load from our backs, laid it upon the ground, and seated themselves at their meal. In the evening they left the house again, to go after the remainder of their plunder.

"And our poor donkey," said one of them, "why should we take him along. He is lame of a leg, and the horse can carry most of what we have hidden, and the rest we will carry ourselves." And they left, and took the horse with them.

The moon shone brightly that night, and I said to myself: "Wretch that I am, why should I stay here any longer. The vultures and other birds of prey will soon feast upon my body. Did I not hear the cruel resolves of my tyrants? Shall I wait until they throw me over the precipice? No: the night is advanced, the moon shines bright, the robbers are absent, now let me fly and escape from my murderers."

While I was thus meditating, I observed that I was not hitched, but that my halter hung against the wall. My resolution was now taken; I ran from the stable, when the old woman observed my intentions, and caught hold of my

tail. I would have deserved to be thrown down the abyss, if I had suffered myself to be caught by an old woman; so I pulled her along with me. She cried aloud, and called upon the maiden to assist her. When the fair prisoner observed this new Dirce hanging by the tail of an ass, she took a resolve worthy of the most heroic of the other sex. She jumped upon my back, seated herself well and hurried me forward. Excited as much by my own wish for safety, as by the heroism of my fair burden, I hastened away with the speed of a horse. Soon the old woman was left far behind. My fair rider prayed to the gods to favor our escape, and said to me:

"Oh, my dear friend, if you bring me back to my father, I will restore you to liberty; you shall have no work to do, and I will give you daily a Medimne of barley for your dinner." Flying, as I was, from my murderers, and hoping that the fair maiden would be grateful to me for having saved her life, I run without minding or feeling my wound. Thus we came to a place where there was a cross-road, and here we met our deadly enemies, who recognized their beautiful prisoner by the light of the moon. They ran towards us, and arrested me with the words:

"Hoho, fair maiden, whither would you travel at such an unsuitable hour. Are you not afraid of meeting spectres at night. Come with us, and we will restore you to your parents." They accompanied these coarse jests with sardonic laughter, and forced me to turn back. I now remembered my wound again, and commenced to walk lame, but they laughed and said:

"How is this? now you are lame when you are caught; but when you want to escape, you are perfectly well, and run like a horse." And the application of the club followed these words, and the deep wound they inflicted upon my side served as a lesson to me.

When we came home, we found that the old woman had hanged herself. No doubt the fear of the punishment she would receive for having suffered the maiden to escape had driven her to suicide. The robbers cared little for her death, but threw her over the precipice, even without taking off the rope which was still around the neck. Then they put chains upon the maiden, and imprisoned her in a back room. This done, they seated themselves at their feast. Soon the conversation turned upon the prisoner.

"What are we to do," said one of them, "with our fair fugitive?"

"What else," was the reply, "but throw her over the precipice, to keep the old woman company, and to punish her for having wished to betray us, by disclosing our retreat. For, believe me, if she had returned home, not one of us would have saved his life. They would have attacked us, and certainly have taken us prisoners. Let us, therefore, revenge ourselves upon her; but she must not lose her life too quickly; let us invent some slow and painful death; for she shall only die after suffering tortures."

They now consulted about the mode of death. One of them suddenly took the word and said:

"I am convinced that you will all approve of my suggestion. We must kill our ass, who from laziness feigns to be lame, and who is, moreover, guilty of assisting her in her flight. In the morning, we will kill him, cut his belly open, take out his intestines, and put this courageous young lady in their place. Let her head remain out, so that she may not be smothered at once; the rest of her body we will sew inside of the body of the ass, and thus prepare a new kind of meatpie for the vultures. Consider, friends, how terrible

is this punishment; in the first place, to be united to the corpse of a donkey, scorched by the burning sun, to suffer the tortures of hunger, without being able to take her own life. I need not now mention all she will have to suffer from the stench of the dead donkey, whilst the body is decaying, nor speak of the worms that will come to feast upon her body as well as his; and finally, the vultures after having eaten the ass, will take her for their dessert."

The villains applauded the fiendish proposition, as if it were a great and beautiful thought. As to myself, who can describe my horror! I was soon to be murdered, without even having the consolation of resting in a grave, but was destined to become a sepulchre for that beautiful, innocent girl.

On the following morning, when day had scarcely dawned, we suddenly discovered a band of warriors. They had been sent out against these robbers, whom they at once put in chains, and brought before the governor of the province. These warriors had been lead by the betrothed of the maiden, who had discovered the retreat of the robbers. After liberating his beloved, he placed her upon my back, and brought her back to her family. When the country people

saw us come at the distance they observed, by my braying, that we were safe, so they hastened to meet us, and to conduct us in triumph to the maiden's home.

Here she received me very kindly; she did not forget the companion of her misery, who had attempted escape with her, and was to have shared her death. My new masters gave me, for my dinner, barley enough for a camel. Then again I cursed Palaestra, for having changed me into a donkey, and not even into a dog; for the latter ran into the rooms where the wedding feast took place, and ate delicate viands, to their hearts' content.

Some days afterwards my young mistress told her father, how much she was under obligations to me, and that she would like to reward me. Her father immediately commanded to set me at liberty, and to let me go to pasture with his favorite horses. "Since he is free," he said, "let him enjoy his life." The reward for my services was very appropriate, and an ass would not have wished for more. A servant was called, and I was committed to his care. I was rejoiced at the prospect of having no more burdens to carry. We came to the meadow and he turned me loose with the horses.

But alas! I seemed born to misery. The herd, who had care of the horses, gave me to his wife MAGAGOLA, who put me into harness, and I was forced to turn a mill and grind wheat and barley. This was but a small misfortune, for as a grateful donkey, I was willing to work for my master, but the selfish woman hired my back to the use of the peasants, who came often to make me carry them and their burdens. They paid Magagola in flour, of which she made cakes which she eat herself, giving me only the husks of the grain. If I occasionally was let out to the meadow, then the stallions would so bite and kick me, that I was glad to return to the mill again. I beecme lean, and in a short time lost all my personal beauty. Often I was sent to the top of the mountain, to bring loads of wood down. This was my greatest trouble, for I had to climb up the steep, rocky path, and the sharp stones cut my bare feet. My conductor was a malicious, wicked boy, who had some new torture for me, every time he took me out. When I ran as fast as I could, he would constantly beat me with a stick full of knotty points, and always hit the same spot, so that he soon made a deep wound. When he loaded me, he put a burden sufficient for an elephant upon my back, and

although the descent was steep and difficult, he would beat me all the way down. When he observed that my load threatened to fall, or was leaning too much to one side, he would take none of the wood off, and lay it on the other side, but would add stones on one side, so as to equalize the weight. We had to cross a creek on our road home, and to save his feet, he would seat himself on top of the wood, and compel me to carry him over.

If I fell down exhausted beneath the load, then only my tortures commenced. Instead of lessening my burden and assisting me upon my legs again, the wicked boy remained on my back, took hold of my ears, and beat me until I got upon my legs again. He found pleasure in my tortures; he cut thistles, bound them together in bunches, and tied them to my tail, so that they must prick me at every step. I could not free myself from these; if I walked slow, to avoid them, he would beat me the more; if I hurried, to avoid his blows, the thorns tortured me. In short, the young villain did all he could to murder me.

Enraged at his ill treatment, I one day gave him a kick; but he never after forgot or forgave me that kick. A short time afterwards, he was ordered to bring some bundles of

hemp from one village to the other; he took me, and loaded me with as much hemp as he could pile upon me. He had a villainous plan upon his mind. When he left the house, he stole a live coal from the fireplace, and as soon as we were upon the road, he stuck that into the hemp. This at once ignited, and soon, instead of hemp, I carried a load of fire upon my back. I would have been roasted alive, if I had not thrown myself into a pool, which I saw by the roadside. I threw myself into the deepest part of it, and after rolling about for some time, I succeeded in extinguishing the fire. The hemp had become so wet, that I could complete the journey without further danger, for the little villain did not again succeed in igniting it. Arrived at home, he had the impudence of accusing me of having gone too near the fire, and having ignited the hemp.

On another occasion he concocted a still more cruel scheme for my destruction. He lead me to the mountain, loaded me with wood, and then sold the wood to a peasant in the neighborhood; he then led me back to the master without the wood, and said:

"I don't see, sir, why we should feed that donkey; he is the fattest and laziest beast in the world, and has the quality

of being spiteful and wicked towards all whom he don't know. As soon as he sees a stranger upon the road, especially women and children, I can restrain him no longer, but he runs towards them, throws them down, and kicks and bites them. That is what he just now did to a poor woman, who would have been killed by him, if I had not come to her assistance, by which I lost my entire load of wood."

When the master heard this, he said: "If he is so lazy, and will bear no burdens, and will kill persons, why, destroy him, give his intestines to the dogs, and keep his meat, for the meals of our laborers; if you are asked how he died, you can say, that a wolf had torn him to pieces."

The little wretch was already preparing to kill me, when a neighboring peasant, who had heard this conversation, saved my life. "He can still go in the mill, and carry burdens," he said, "but stab his eyes, so that he can see no more, and can do no further harm." All agreed to this proposal, but I determined to throw myself over a precipice sooner than submit to it.

About midnight somebody from the neighboring village came to our place and informed us, that the bride, who had

been the robbers' prisoner, and her young husband, whilst promenading by the sea shore after dinner, had been overtaken by the flood, and both had been drowned. When the servants heard that their masters were dead, they determined to free themselves from slavery. They plundered the houses and fled. The herd who took care of the horses, took me and the horses, and loaded us with everything he could lay hands to. As much as I groaned beneath the heavy burden, yet I was glad to have escaped blinding. We travelled all night upon very bad roads, and at the end of three days we arrived at Beroë, a populous town in Macedonia. My leaders now thought proper to take a little rest here. A few days after, they offered us for sale, and the town crier proclaimed this fact with stentorian voice upon the forum. People approached us, examined us, and opened our mouths, to ascertain our age from the size of our teeth.

My companions were very soon disposed of, but when the salesman found that I alone remained, he ordered me to be sent home again.

"You see," he said, "this donkey alone has found no master."

But the cruel Nemesis, who had already played me so many pranks, now gave me a master, who was the last one I should have wished. He was one of those shameless old men who carry the goddess of Syria from village to village, and force the mother of the gods to beg. I was sold to him for the enormous sum of thirty Drachmas. My new master led me away, and with a sigh I followed. When we arrived before the residence of *Philebos* (that was my new master's name,) he exclaimed: "Here, my children, is a slave, which I have bought for you, a well-grown, strong fellow, a Cappadocian!" His children were only a few vagabonds who travelled with him. At first they believed, that he really had bought a slave, and seemed much delighted; but when they found that it was only an ass, they mocked and reviled Philebos.

"Where did you find your beautiful son? he is too good for a slave; he is your worthy offspring." And thus they reviled him.

On the following morning, they prepared for what they called their work; and after having adorned the goddess, they placed her upon my back. And now we started for the journey. As often as we came to a village, we halted

with the goddess: then a troupe of flute players commenced to play, until they were out of breath; the priests threw their caps upon the ground, twisted their heads round, and made, with their swords, deep cuts upon their arms and the tongue. They thrust their tongues through their teeth, so that in a moment they were covered with blood. At the sight of this spectacle, I began to fear that the goddess might take a fancy to asses' blood. After they had cut themselves and bled enough, they commenced their collection, and the spectators gave them Oboles and Drachmas. One brought figs and cheese, another a little keg of wine, or a medimne of wheat, or even some barley for the ass. All these things served for their support, and for the glorification of the goddess.

One day, when they had stopped in a village, they induced a young peasant to gamble, and then cheated him most shamefully; other peasants came, and grew so enraged, that they drove the whole troupe away. The goddess was again put upon my back, and in the evening, we arrived at the house of a rich man, who received us with great veneration, and even offered a sacrifice. I shall never forget the danger which I then underwent. A friend of the

master of this house, had presented him with a roasting piece of a wild ass. The cook had lost this, through carelessness, for the dogs had stolen it from the kitchen. Fearing severe punishment, the cook had determined to hang himself. His wife, who was bent on my destruction, said to him:

"Do not give way to despair, but follow my advice, and all will be well. Take the ass belonging to the priests, lead him to a solitary place, and kill him. Then cut from him a piece similar to the lost one, and cook that for our master. The rest of the ass you can throw into the river. The priests will think that their donkey has run off. You see how fat he is; and if you prepare him well, he will taste even better than the wild ass."

The cook admired the wisdom of his wife, and replied:

"You are right, and it is the only way to escape punishment; I shall do it at once."

Already he approached me, when I, having discovered their intentions, determined to save my life, by some quick and daring deed. I tore the strap which bound me, rushed to the house, and into the room where the priests were supping with the master of the house. In my hurry, I upset

the table, and the lamp upon it. I imagined that I had found a way to save my life; for I thought, that the master, on seeing such a courageous ass, would at once order me to be locked up, and carefully guarded; but my impetuosity put me in great jeopardy. They thought that I was mad, and armed themselves with swords, spears and clubs, to kill me. When I observed this, I rushed to the room intended for my master's sleeping apartment, and they quickly locked the door upon me. At daylight, the next morning, they again placed the goddess upon my back, and I resumed my journey with the charlatans.

Soon we reached a handsome and populous little town. My masters, with their tricks, gained the veneration of the inhabitants, and they persuaded them not to suffer the goddess to pass the night in an ordinary house, but to let her lodge in the temple of the principal goddess of the country. The people received the strange goddess with joy, and conducted her to the temple. After a long stay in this place, my masters concluded to visit the next town. They demanded back their goddess, and went to the temple to take her, placed her upon my back, and left the town. On their visit to the temple, they stole a golden vessel,

which they hid beneath the goddess. The inhabitants soon discovered the theft, pursued us, and brought us back as prisoners.

They exposed us in the public highway, called my masters blasphemers and temple-robbers, and demanded the vessel back. On close examination, that was found; the criminals were chained, and thrown into prison; the goddess, whom I had to carry, was placed in another temple, and the vessel was restored to the deity to whom it belonged.

On the following day, it was concluded to sell me, and everything else that belonged to my masters. A baker, from a neighboring village, purchased me. My new tyrant loaded me with ten medimnas of wheat, which he had bought, and drove me before him, over a very rough road. Arrived at home, he conducted me to a mill, where I saw many asses and horses, sad companions of my slavery, all covered with flour, dust—and occupied at turning millstones. At first, I was permitted to rest, as I was a new slave, and had carried a heavy burden all the way. On the following morning, however, a cloth was tied over my eyes, and I was hitched to the pole of the millstone. I knew very well

how to grind, as I had learned it more than once, but preferred to appear ignorant of it. My hopes misled me, however; for a number of serving-men, armed with clubs, were standing at my side, and it rained blows down upon me—a fact which I could not foresee, since I was blindfolded. Soon I ran as fast as my legs could carry me, and thus learned a lesson, namely, that a slave must do his duty, and not wait for the hand of his master to urge him on.

In a short time I lost my fat and my strength, and my master determined to get rid of me; he sold me to a gardener, who cultivated a hired garden. My whole labor now consisted in carrying daily a load of vegetables to market. When it was sold, he brought me back to the garden, where he dug, planted, and watered, whilst I looked on and had nothing to do; and yet my new fortune seemed unbearable. The coldness of winter began to be felt, but my master was so poor that he could not buy covering for himself or me; I had to travel barefooted over the cold ground, which often was very hard and frosty, and hurt my feet very much. And then we had nothing to eat, but hard and bitter salad.

One day, as we were going towards the garden, a man in

the dress of a warrior approached us, and asked my master, in the Italian language, whither he was leading the donkey. My master who did not understand him, made no reply. The other, believing himself insulted, struck the gardener with his whip. My master caught him, tripped him up, and when he was on the ground, he kicked and cuffed him well, The warrior defended himself as best he could, and threatened to run his sword through my master's body, as soon as he should be again upon his legs. The gardener, in this manner, instructed by his adversary of his danger, drew the other's sword, and throwing it away to a great distance, continued to beat the soldier. Wishing to avoid any further beating, the brave warrior feigned to be dead; tremblingly the gardener now retreated, took up the sword, jumped upon my back, and rode towards the town. Arrived there, he confided the care of his garden to a friend, as he feared the consequences of his quarrel, and secreted himself at the house of another friend in the same town. Next day, they consulted together, and concluded to hide my master in a clothespress, but me, they hung up by the feet and carried me to the top of the house. The warrior had, with difficulty, got upon his legs again, and gone to town

and related to several of his companions what had happened. These promised to avenge their comrade, and having ascertained, that we were secreted in town, they took police officers with them, who came to the house and ordered everybody out of it. This was done, but as the gardener did not appear, they were vexed, being assured, that the gardener and his ass were both in the house. The master of the place assured them, that neither man nor beast remained inside. This dispute made a great deal of noise in the street, which was a narrow and small one. Desirous of knowing the cause of all this noise, I was led by curiosity to poke my head out of the attic window, and to look down. When the people below saw me, they increased the tumult, and convicted the master of falsehood. The police entered the house again, and after a long search, found my master in his hiding place. They cast him into prison to account for his misdeeds. Then I was brought down and given to the warriors. A loud laughter had broken out, when I was first discovered at the window, and I had thus betrayed my master; thus I was the origin of the saying, that "you may know a person by his ass."

I know not what became of the gardener, but the warrior

concluded to sell me the next day for fifteen attic Drachmas My new master, the slave of a very rich man of Thessalonia, was a cook; he had a brother, also a slave, who understood the making of bread and honey cakes. The two brothers lived together, slept in the same room, and shared everything, even their working tools; they took me to their sleeping apartment with them. After the supper of their master both brought the remainder of the meal; the one carried meat and fishes, the other bread and cakes. They locked me up, leaving me to guard their provisions, and went to the bath. Soon I forgot the barley they had placed before me, and only thought of availing myself of the talents and profits of my new masters. I consequently made a first rate meal of human food, which I had wanted so long. When they returned, they did not observe of what my supper had consisted; there were plenty of provisions, but I had eaten sparingly and in great fear. But when I afterwards considered how little they seemed to care for this food, I took courage, and devoured some of the largest and best morsels. Soon they perceived that somebody was making free with their larder, and became distrustful of each other; nay, they even accused each other of having

stolen that which belonged to both in common, and at last they weighed and counted all the pieces.

During all this time I led a happy life. My body, when it again received its natural food, soon again recovered its former beauty; my hair grew, and my skin became smooth and sleek.

When my masters perceived that I was growing so fat and sleek, and that, at the same time I never ate my barley, the thought struck them that I might be the thief. They consequently walked out, as if going to the bath, but returned and watched me through a crack in the door. Not suspecting this, I at once got my supper, which astonished them greatly, and caused them to laugh aloud. They called their companions to witness the scene, then the laughter became louder and louder; at last, the master heard it, and inquired into the cause of this noise. When he heard it, he arose from the table and looked through the crack, and saw how I discussed a large piece of roast pig. Then he himself laughed aloud, and entered the room. It was very disagreeable to me to be convicted of theft and gluttony, by the master himself, but it seemed to amuse him. He ordered me at once to be conducted to the room

where he himself was just dining, and had a table set expressly for me. This table was covered with viands of which he knew that asses could not eat; such as beef, oysters, poultry, fish, some broiled, and some cold, but dressed with oil, vinegar and mustard. When I saw that fate was thus smiling upon me, and that the jest might help me to regain my original form, I seated myself at table and ate heartily, though I had already made a good meal. The rooms resounded with the laughter of the spectators. One of them remarked: "Perhaps this ass may even drink wine, if we give him some." Immediately the master ordered wine to be brought for me, which soon found its way down my throat.

The master now judged rightly, that I was an extraordinary animal, and ordered his treasurer to pay to the slave who had bought me, the amount of his purchase money, and to pay a similar amount to his brother. Then he appointed a keeper for me, and instructed him to teach me everything that I would learn, so that I might serve to amuse him. This instruction was not a difficult task for my teacher, for I obeyed as soon as he commanded anything.

First, I had to lay down upon a couch, and rest upon my

elbow like a man; then wrestle, dance, stand upon my hind legs, nod or shake my head, according to the questions asked me; in short, do everything, that I already knew, without instructions. All the world now spoke of my talents; in short, the ass became the lion of the day; conversation, everywhere, turned upon the donkey, who drank wine, could wrestle, dance, and, what was the most wonderful, give correct answers, by nods, or shakes of his head to every question asked. When I wished to drink a cup of wine, I could tell my keeper so, with a wink of the eyes. Everybody was astonished, and looked upon me as a great wonder; but they knew not, that a man was hidden in the ass, and their ignorance amused me. I learned to march like a soldier, and to carry my master in the easiest, gentlest manner, possible. My harness was beautiful; I was covered with a purple cover, had a bit of gold, and a bridle adorned with gold and silver, and little, harmonious bells.

As I observed above, Menecles, my master, belonged to Thessalonia, and had come to this place with the intention of procuring gladiators, as he had promised a play to his fellow-citizens. The champions were all ready, and the

moment of departure was near. On the following morning, we started, and I carried my master over all such parts of the way, where the road was too bad for the carriage. Arrived at Thessalonia, there was as much anxiety to see me, as to see the gladiators. My fame had preceded me, and my talent in dancing and wrestling was well known. At table, my master showed me to the principal citizens, and let me eat and drink before them, and do all other tricks, which had so delighted him.

My keeper gained a great deal of money through me. He had placed me in a room, the door of which he only opened to those who were willing to pay a high price for seeing me. Everybody brought me something to eat, and all selected such things as were supposed to disagree most with the stomach of an ass; but I ate them all. In short, I grew fat and handsome, and Menecles concluded publicly to exhibit me to the people. They laid me upon a large and magnificent couch, and carried me into the middle of the arena. Shouts of applause and clapping of hands greeted my appearance. Then a table was brought, covered with viands, such as epicureans only consume at their feasts. By my side, stood the most beautiful slaves, to pour wine into

golden cups for me; behind me stood my keeper, who commanded me to eat; but I felt abashed at the publicity of my appearance, and feared, moreover, that a lion or a bear might be let loose upon me.

At that moment a man passed by, who carried a basket of flowers, and I observed that he had fresh roses among them. Immediately and without hesitation, I left my couch. The people believed that I was going to dance, but quickly approaching the flowers, I pulled out the roses and ate them. To the greatest astonishment of the spectators, the animal form suddenly disappeared, and he, who a moment before was an ass, now again was Lucios, and stood naked and upright in the arena. The audience was puzzled at this sudden transformation. The theatre resounded with the different noises made by the spectators, for they were of different opinions; one half insisted that I should be burned as a dangerous magician, who could at pleasure assume whatever shape he pleased, whilst the others said, that I should first be examined and judged. I at once ran to the Governor of the province, who happened to be present, and told him that a Thessalian woman, the slave of another Thessalian, had changed me into an ass, by

anointing me with a magic salve; I begged him to send me into prison, until I should prove that I spoke the truth.

The Governor now asked my name, that of my parents and friends, also my rank and country.

"My father," I replied, "is called Lucios; I have a brother, whose first name, like mine, is Caius; I am the author of several tales, and my brother is an elegiast and an excellent soothsayer; my birth-place is Patras, in Achaia."

Scarcely had the Governor heard these words, when he replied:

"You belong to my friends and hosts, who have frequently received me in their house and honored me with presents. You speak the truth in calling yourself their relative."

And soon he descended from his seat, embraced me, spoke with much kindness, and conducted me to his house. Shortly after, my brother arrived and brought me money and all that I needed. The governor liberated and honored me before the assembled multitude. Then we approached the shore, where we found a ship, and put all our luggage on board. As as soon we had favorable wind, we sailed, and in a few days we reached my native town, where I did not omit to bring sacrifices to the gods, who liberated me, and

who had safely brought me back to my home; and who had, moreover, cured me of the dangerous curiosity, by which I had been induced to make an ass of myself.

# Dom Pedro, the Cruel.

# DOM PEDRO, THE CRUEL.

A SPANISH LEGEND.

Dom Pedro, King of Castille, and generally called the "Cruel," had not worn the crown of his glorious ancestors long, before his subjects discovered, that he rather merited the surname of the "Just," the "Inexorable," than that of the "Cruel." But Dom Pedro carried one terrible enemy within him: a passionate temper. Overcome by that, he did not spare anybody; and woe to him, who at such a time dared to place himself in his way.

One day, whilst Dom Pedro was rambling alone and unrecognized through the streets of Madrid, dressed in very plain attire, he observed the young and pretty wife of a citizen, who kept gold and silver ware for sale. The King entered the shop, and, without making himself known, bought several valuable chains and rings, and being pleased

with the young and pretty woman, he jested with her and promised soon to call again, and make more purchases.

One of the neighbors heard this, and when the jeweller, who had been absent, returned, he ran quickly to him and told him with assumed secresy, that a young and apparently distinguished stranger endeavored to gain his young wife's favor.

The jeweller, who was somewhat advanced in years, and of a very jealous disposition, became much enraged at what his neighbor told him, and called him a slanderer, who wished to injure an honest woman by false accusations.

The neighbor replied: "I did not speak of your wife's guilt, or innocence, but I only said that a young Don endeavored to gain her favor. You may convince yourself of the correctness of my statement if you act prudently; I know at what hour he generally walks through this street; come to-morrow at noon to my house, and you can satisfy yourself that what I say is true."

The jeweller consented to take his friend's advice, and left home on the following morning, saying to his wife, "that he would not return until late in the evening." He then

secretly through a back door, entered his neighbor's house, where he remained on the look-out.

And about noon, Dom Pedro, in his usual disguise, passed through the street, and stopped before the jeweller's shop. Directly, the pretty young woman was seen at the window smiling very sweetly, and Dom Pedro entered the house. On seeing this, the old jeweller was beside himself with jealousy and rage; for nothing seemed to him more certain, than that the strange Don had a secret understanding with his wife. He immediately asked his neighbor to accompany him, in order to serve as a witness against the faithless woman. This was just what the meddlesome neighbor desired, and without making any objection, he followed the jeweller to his shop.

On his arrival there, the foolish old man attacked the King—who was unknown to him and to his neighbor—called him an infamous scoundrel and seducer, and, blinded with rage, took hold of him, in order to throw him into the street, at the same time begging his neighbor to assist him, which the latter accordingly did.

But Dom Pedro, with the strength of a giant, hurled the

jeweller, as well as the younger neighbor, from him, drew his sword, and in the next moment, both his opponents rolled, weltering in their blood, at his feet.

The young wife of the jeweller now began to lament loudly and bitterly; the cry of "murder" resounded from street to street, and guards and other people came rushing to the house, in order to seize the murderer, but they started back in terror, as Dom Pedro proudly met them at the door.

"The King!" they cried, and lowered respectfully their arms, whilst the people who had assembled, fled in fright and terror; and Dom Pedro, with slow steps, and lost in gloomy thoughts, went his way towards the royal residence.

On his arrival there, he bitterly repented the double murder, which he had committed, and immediately issued an order, in which every one was threatened with instant death, who should allude to this unfortunate affair. But what was his surprise, when he received, even on the same day, from the High Judge of his capital, a summons to appear before the criminal tribunal, there to account for the double murder.

The King communicated the summons he had received, to his courtiers and to the officers of his body-guard, who ad-

Don Pedro commits a Double Murder. (Page 266.)

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vised him to punish the insolence of the High Judge with instant death, by hanging him upon the nearest gallows.

To this, however, Dom Pedro did not consent, but despatched a messenger to the High Judge, to ask him whether he had lost his reason, that he had dared to summon his King and master before the criminal tribunal.

The Judge replied: "Our noble King, Dom Pedro, of Castille, has appointed me, to see that justice be done in his capital of Madrid, and that criminals and murderers be punished according to their offences. No one, whoever he may be, can evade the laws, and least of all the King. Dom Pedro has been accused of a *double* murder, and the *law* is his accuser. By that law he is bound to appear, to hear the accusation, to defend himself, and to have judgment passed upon him. As far as I am concerned, the king may rest assured, that I am his most faithful subject. If he chooses to deprive me of my office, and with it of the power and duty to administer justice and to punish crime, I shall be content; but as long as I fill the office of High Judge of his faithful capital, the King himself cannot take from me any of the power with which I am invested, and I shall know how to maintain this power and my dignity. My life, like

that of the King, is in the hands of God, who one day will judge him and me."

Dom Pedro, on hearing the reply, grew pale with anger and shame, and his courtiers and officers advised him again, to have the insolent judge hanged without further delay; but Dom Pedro cast such a look upon these eye-servants, that they were filled with affright. He exclaimed:

"Silence, ye wretches! The Judge is right!" "Go," said he then to his first chamberlain—"go to the High Judge and inform him, that Dom Pedro will not hesitate to appear before the tribunal, and that I wish him to administer the laws in a manner which he can justify before his country and his King."

The chamberlain delivered his message, and the Judge said: "Not only his Majesty, but also the Almighty and the King's subjects will acknowledge the justness of my sentence, and therefore I fear nothing.

The day appointed for this memorable trial at last arrived. Dom Pedro presented himself before the tribunal, haughty and stern, but ready and willing to see justice done. The High Judge addressed the inferior judges and the accuser, and admonished them, not to permit the high station

of the criminal to induce them to deviate from their duty, and to judge otherwise than their conscience dictated.

"Consider," said he, "what the consequences would be, if those who are appointed by the Almighty, to give laws and to maintain them, were permitted to violate them without punishment. It is not the King, whom you have to judge, but the *man*, who is guilty of a double murder."

He then gave the accuser a sign, and the latter began boldly and freely to accuse Dom Pedro, of having in disguise endeavored to gain the favor of a young married woman, and that, when the injured husband, without knowing him, wished to preserve the honor of his family, he, the King, had murdered him and his neighbor *insidiously*, as it had been proved that both his victims were unarmed.

The King started violently, and threw a furious glance upon the accuser, when he pronounced the word "insidiously." But the accuser appeared to be perfectly unconcerned and continued boldly to expatiate on the horrible circumstances of the double murder, and concluded by calling upon the judges, to avenge the guilt of blood, and to punish the murderer according to the demands of justice.

The High Judge then called upon the King, to defend

himself, and finding that Dom Pedro continued in his sullen silence, because he could bring nothing forward in his defence, he appointed some one to defend him. The latter did all in his power for the accused, but the evidence of the double murder was too clear, and the High Judge passed the sentence, that *Dom Pedro*, convicted of a double murder, should be executed with the sword, upon the public market place. "But," concluded the Judge, "since Dom Pedro is our annointed King, his life must be sacred to us; and we therefore alter the sentence, in so far, that this public punishment be executed upon his effigy, as a warning, and an example to others."

And now, Dom Pedro could restrain himself no longer. "Dare to do it, wretch!" he cried, trembling with rage, and turning to the High Judge—"dare it, if you love your life!" and, with this, he left the judgment-hall and hastened to his palace. There, however, he issued the express order, to obey every demand of the Judge, without asking any more for Royal permission, and for three days the King locked himself up in the most secluded room of his palace, without speaking a word to any one.

The High Judge commanded that every thing should be

prepared for the execution upon the public market-place, and sent a summons to the King, to be present when the sentence was to be executed.

Dom Pedro read the summons, stamped with his feet, but said: "I will be there."

On the appointed day, all the inhabitants of Madrid, and thousands from the neighboring villages and towns, streamed through the streets towards the great market-place, where the scaffold, hung with black drapery, had been erected high enough to be visible to every one.

The clock struck the hour, which had been fixed for the execution, and from the towers of all the churches resounded the solemn peals of the bells, and the procession began to move from the court of justice; first, the priests with the vicar-general at their head, then the religious societies, next, heralds and the High Judge, surrounded by the other judges, and then halberdiers, leading in their midst a horse, upon which, covered with a purple cloak, and as large as life, sat an effigy, representing the king. The wax face of the figure was so faithful an imitation of the King's, that every body recognized it instantly. Soldiers closed the procession,

which moved slowly towards the scaffold, where the executioner with his assistants was already in attendance.

The procession stopped at the foot of the scaffold; the High Judge and the other judges ascended a smaller stage, which had been erected directly opposite the scaffold, and upon which, besides the seats for the judges, was also an arm-chair, covered with black cloth, for the King himself. The judges had scarcely taken their seats, when the High Judge rose again and addressed the assembled populace, admonishing them, to keep order and silence during the execution of the act of justice, which was about to take place. He then gave a sign to the heralds, they raised their staffs towards the four-quarters of the heavens, and instantly the sounds of trumpets and drums were heard, the sign, that the moment had arrived, when justice must have her due.

Suddenly the populace divided themselves, and thus formed a long lane upon the side facing the royal palace, and through this the King was seen, dashing upon a coal-black horse, towards the stage, where the judges had assembled; having arrived at the steps leading to it, he sprang from his horse, ascended the stage, saluted the judges hastily with a

sinister and threatening mien (so much so, that almost all, with the exception of the High Judge, lost their courage) and threw himself upon the arm-chair which had been placed there for him. The High Judge approached him, respectfully, and enquired, "if he considered the judgment a just one or not?" With lowering looks, the King acknowledged the justice of the sentence.

The Judge then made a motion with his hand, left the stage, and ascended the platform, whither they also carried the effigy of the King, which, until then had been left upon the horse, at the foot of the scaffold. The High Judge had the figure divested of the purple cloak, and then in the name of the law and the King he broke the staff over the head of Dom Pedro, of Castille. The effigy was fastened to the stool and blind-folded, as if it were a human being. The executioner then advanced, lowered his broad gleaming sword towards the place where the living king sat, turned around, drew back, and, with one mighty blow, he separated the head from Dom Pedro's effigy; with a hollow, rumbling noise, it rolled upon the floor of the scaffold. The assembled populace involuntarily sent forth one cry of

terror at the boldness of the Judge, for no one had believed that he would permit the sentence to be executed.

But the High Judge quickly ordered, to place the headless body into a coffin, advanced a few steps and addressed the people in a loud voice:

"You have all witnessed an event, to which you will probably not find a parallel in the history of the world. Dom Pedro, our King, had committed a great crime; forgetting his royal dignity, and the duty of a noble-hearted man, he endeavored to seduce the wife of a good and faithful subject, and then murdered not only the unarmed husband, but also his equally defenceless friend, neither of whom imagined that their King could be a seducer and a murderer."

"For this offence, sentence was passed upon him, and he was condemned, to witness the public execution of his effigy, as we have not the right to deprive our anointed King, whose person must ever be sacred and inviolable, of his life. Dom Pedro, of Castille, committed a great crime, whilst intoxicated with a wild passion; but this passion having passed away, he recognized the power of the law, honored it, acknowledged the justness of our sentence and subjected himself to it, so that henceforth, no one may think himself

beyond the reach of the law, and that no one might be tempted to believe, that he could do wrong without being punished. Long life to our just King; he has atoned for his crime, and has given us an example, to subject ourselves willingly to the punishment of our laws, if we commit a wrong."

Thus spoke the High Judge, and the people cried enthusiastically, "Long life to our just King, Dom Pedro!"

All this time, Dom Pedro had remained sitting in his chair, without any motion whatever, and his pale face covered with his hands. Now he looked up and beckoned the High Judge to approach. The latter obeyed and was followed by a chamberlain, who carried the purple cloak, which he offered to the King upon his knees.

Dom Pedro went to meet the Judge, embraced him and said: "May the Lord's blessing be with you, most noble, bold and faithful servant of your master! You praise me, because I submitted to the law and the punishment which it inflicted upon me; but how shall I praise you enough, you, who defended the laws in opposition to the King, whom people call the "Cruel." Hail to you, most just and fearless judge! Wear henceforth this purple whenever you pass judgment,

so that you and others may continually be reminded of this memorable event."

Thus spoke Dom Pedro, the Cruel, before all the people, and placed with his own hands the purple-cloak upon the shoulders of the High Judge. He also praised the other judges, conferred nobility upon the executioner and gave him a princely present. His headless effigy he caused to be interred before the altar in the chapel of his palace; and the head was, according to his orders, imitated in stone and fixed in the corner-wall of the street, where the double murder had been committed; and there, we have been told, it is to be seen to the present day.

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[Illustrative of the character of Dom Pedro, is also the following anecdote told of him, which I add for my own gratification, as well as that of my readers.—C. B. B.]

A YOUNG clergyman, who was very vain and very passionate, murdered a poor shoemaker, because the latter had not fitted a pair of shoes to please him. Dom Pedro was about to give the young priest into the hands of justice, but the clergy protested against the exposure of one of their

number to a temporal tribunal, threatened excommunication, and so excited the common and bigotted people, that Dom Pedro had to relinquish the object. The clerical court, in order to make a show of justice, passed the following sentence upon the young priest: "That, for the murder of the father of a family, he should for a whole year, not be allowed to read mass."

When the eldest son of the murdered man heard this sentence, he way-laid the murderer and killed him. And now the clergy raised a great hue and cry, and demanded the instantaneous and severe punishment of the murderer.

"That is right, and very just," said Dom Pedro, "and I shall administer full justice, after your own example: we therefore decree, that this man shall not be allowed *to make shoes* for an entire year."